

EXTRA! DOUBLE LENGTH DAREDEVIL STORY IN THIS ISSUE!!!

DAREDEVIL



"The Greatest Name in Comics"

OCTOBER
NO. 13
TEN CENTS

INTRODUCING
IN THIS ISSUE
DAREDEVIL'S
**LITTLE
WISE
GUYS**

Published by Comic House, Inc., 114 East 32nd St., New York City, N. Y. · Lev. Gleason, Publisher · Charles Biro and Bob Wood, Editors

THE HITHERTO UNTOLD
FACTS BEHIND HITLER'S
MADDEST DREAM--
TORTURE AND DEATH
AWAIT DAREDEVIL AND
HIS LITTLE WISE GUYS
--UNLESS--READ INSIDE



THE
**CLAW
SNIFFER**
DICKIE DEAN
THE
**PIRATE
PRINCE**

ALSO
13 AND JINX
SCOOP
SCUTTLE
TIMES
SQUARE
AND
MANY OTHERS



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A SPECIAL MESSAGE TO THE BOYS and GIRLS OF AMERICA FROM HENRY MORGENTHAU, JR.

-SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY-

THE SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY
WASHINGTON



Boys and Girls of America:

Here's a way for every one of you to help your country.

Every time you buy a Savings Stamp you are helping Uncle Sam to pay for a part of a gun, plane or ship which your fathers, brothers or uncles are using for the defense of our country.

If every one of you forty million boys and girls would buy at least one ten-cent Savings Stamp every week, you would be lending your Uncle Sam two hundred million dollars every year. Think of all the guns, planes and ships he could buy with that!

Remember, you can help to "Keep 'em Flying" by buying a Defense Stamp every week.

Sincerely,

FOR VICTORY



**BUY
UNITED
STATES
SAVINGS
BONDS
AND
STAMPS**

**THIS
SPACE IS
DONATED BY THE
PUBLISHERS OF THIS
MAGAZINE IN THE INTEREST OF
NATIONAL DEFENSE and VICTORY!**

DAREDEVIL

NEVER

BEFORE HAS A STORY OF SUCH POWER AND MAGNITUDE APPEARED BEFORE THE MAGAZINE PUBLIC. MY FRIENDS HAVE DARED ME TO PRODUCE IT, SAYING THAT I WOULD BE EXPOSING MYSELF AND DAREDEVIL TO SERIOUS RIDICULE! I DEFEY ANY TRUE AMERICAN TO PROVE THAT THIS STORY IS POINTLESS AND DOES NOT DRIVE HOME A STRONG PATRIOTIC MESSAGE.!!

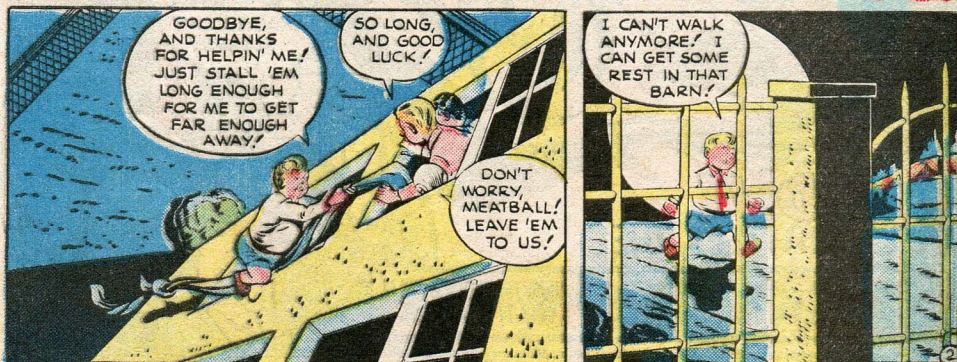
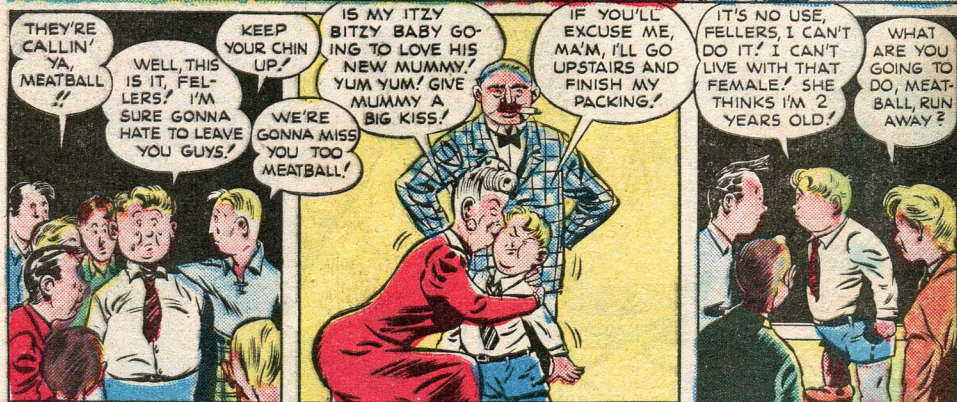
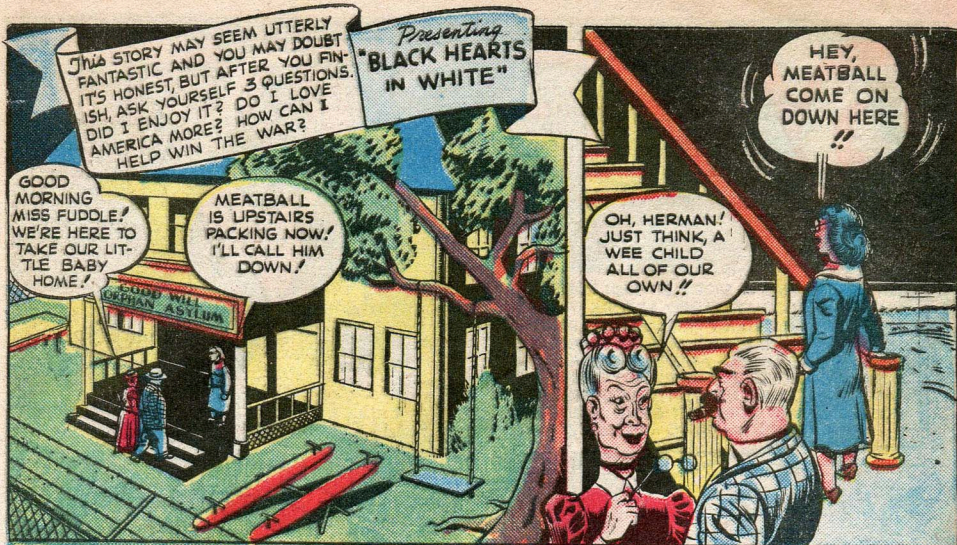
CHARLES
BIRO-

DAREDEVIL
BATTLES THE

"BLACKHEARTS IN WHITE"

HELP COMBAT CROOKS, READ "CRIME DOES NOT PAY!"





HAVE YOU READ THE LATEST BOY COMICS YET—GET IT TODAY!

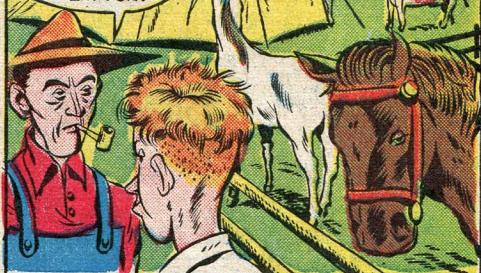
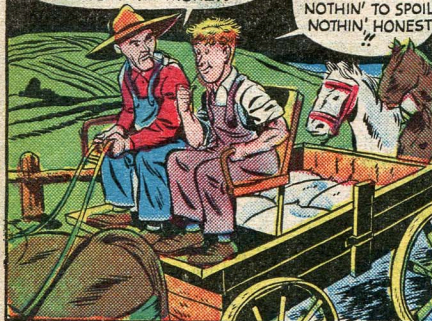
WHILE SOMEWHERE IN THE FARM COUNTRY..

I OUGHT TO HAVE MY HEAD EXAMINED FOR BRINGING YOU ALONG, SCARECROW! YOU'RE BOUND TO DO SOMETHING DUMB THAT WILL COST ME MONEY.

DON'T WORRY, MR. HARDTACK! I WON'T DO NOTHIN' TO SPOIL NOTHIN' HONEST!!

I'M GOIN' OVER TO THE BANK, SCARECROW, AN' I'M LEAVIN' YOU WITH THE TWO HORSES TO SELL. THEY HAVE THE PRICE TAGS ON THEM AN' THAT'S WHAT YOU SELL 'EM FOR.

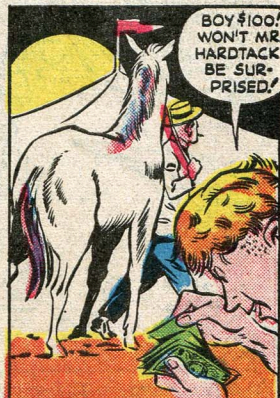
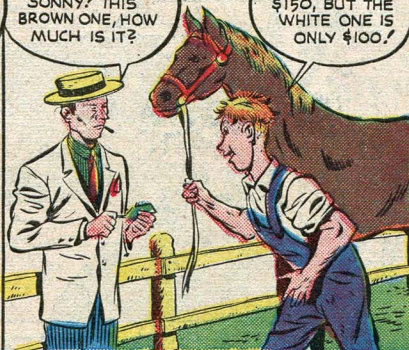
OKAY, MR. HARDTACK! YOU LEAVE EVERYTHING TO ME!



WHAT CAN GO WRONG? ONLY TWO HORSES LEFT! THE WHITE ONE SELLS FOR \$100 AND THE BROWN ONE \$150.!! THAT'S SIMPLE, ISN'T IT?

I'D LIKE TO BUY A HORSE, SONNY! THIS BROWN ONE, HOW MUCH IS IT?

GOSH! A CUSTOMER! IT'S \$150, BUT THE WHITE ONE IS ONLY \$100!



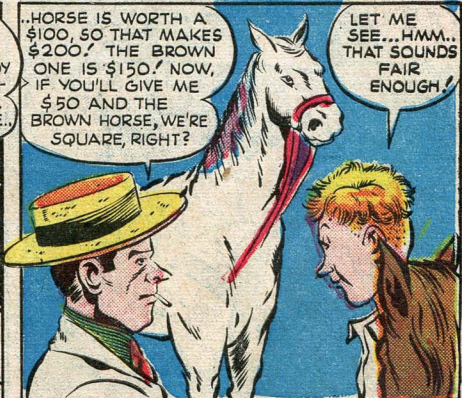
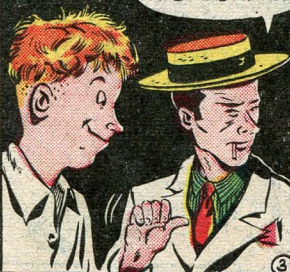
MAYBE THAT MAN WOULD'VE BOUGHT THE BROWN ONE IF I HADN'T TOLD HIM ABOUT THE WHITE ONE BEING CHEAPER!

BACK AGAIN, MISTER? MAYBE YOU WANT TO BUY THE OTHER HORSE TOO!!

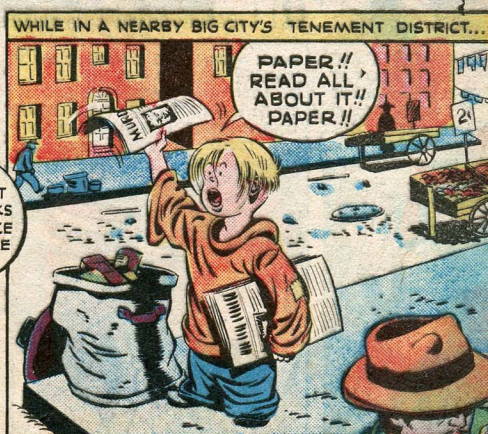
I CHANGED MY MIND, KID! I WANT THE BROWN ONE! I'VE ALREADY GIVEN YOU A HUNDRED DOLLARS, AND THIS WHITE..

HORSE IS WORTH A \$100, SO THAT MAKES \$200. THE BROWN ONE IS \$150. NOW, IF YOU'LL GIVE ME \$50 AND THE BROWN HORSE, WE'RE SQUARE, RIGHT?

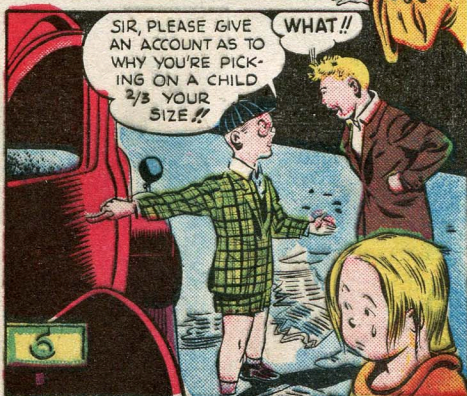
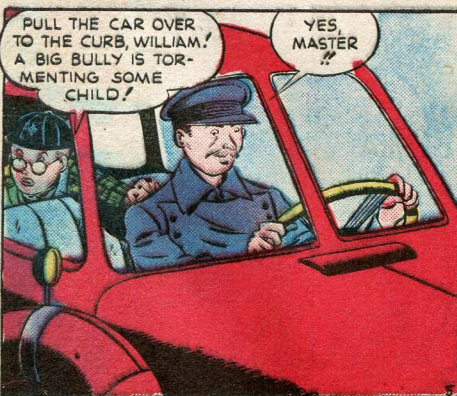
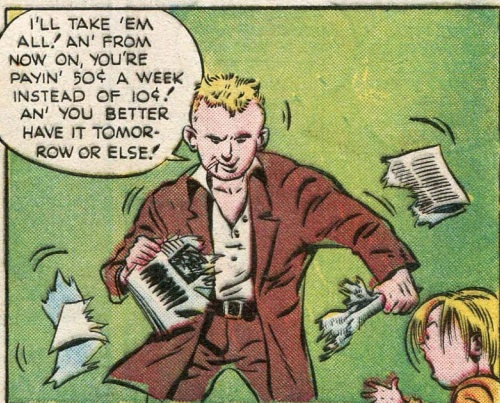
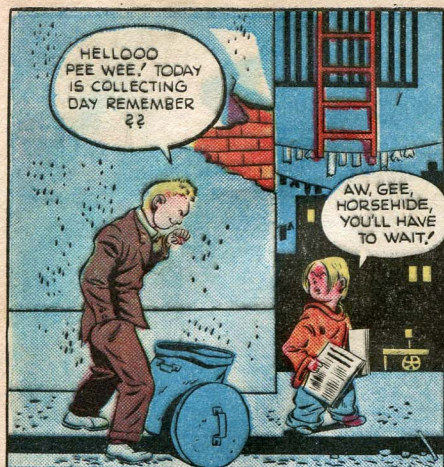
LET ME SEE...HMM.. THAT SOUNDS FAIR ENOUGH!



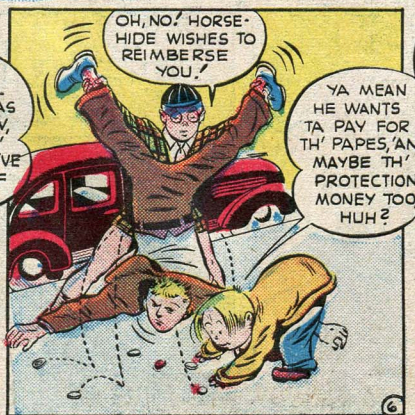
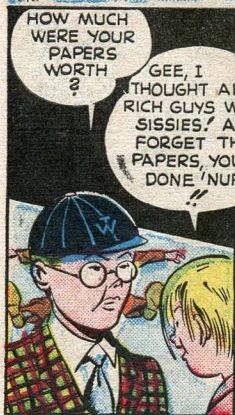
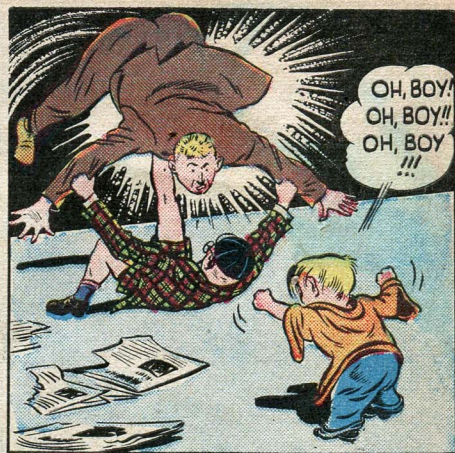
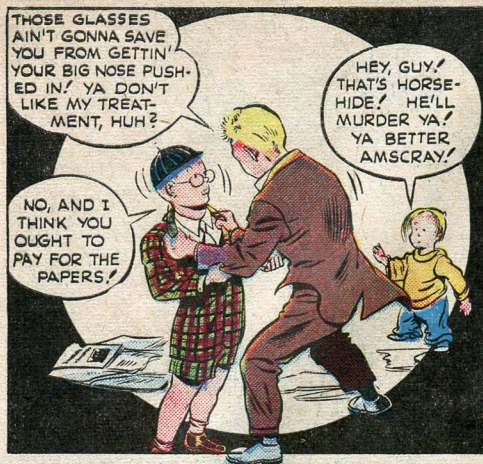
ALL THE THRILLS OF TEN MAGAZINES IN "CRIME DOES NOT PAY!"



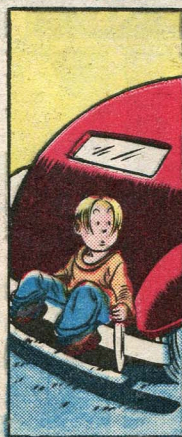
CRIME BUSTER'S MONKEY SEES EVIL, HEARS EVIL, AND HATES EVIL!



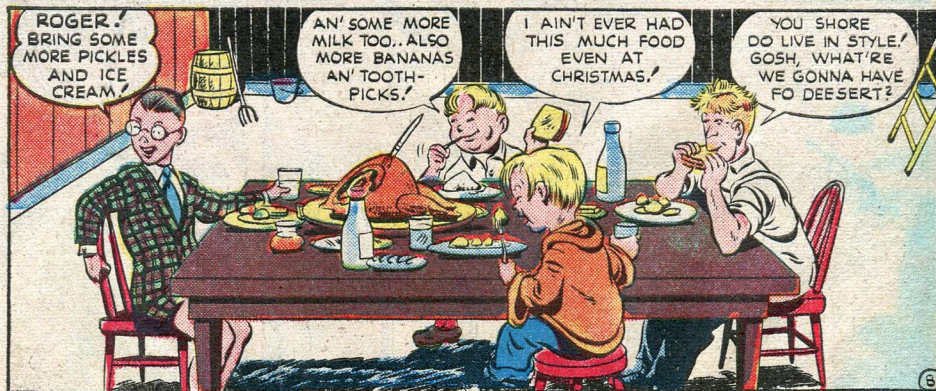
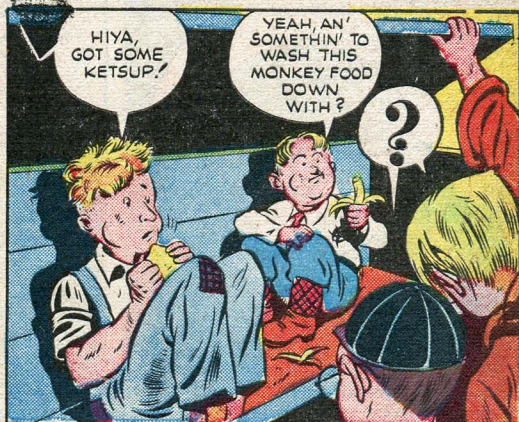
BE LIKE DAREDEVIL, ALWAYS ON THE LEVEL!

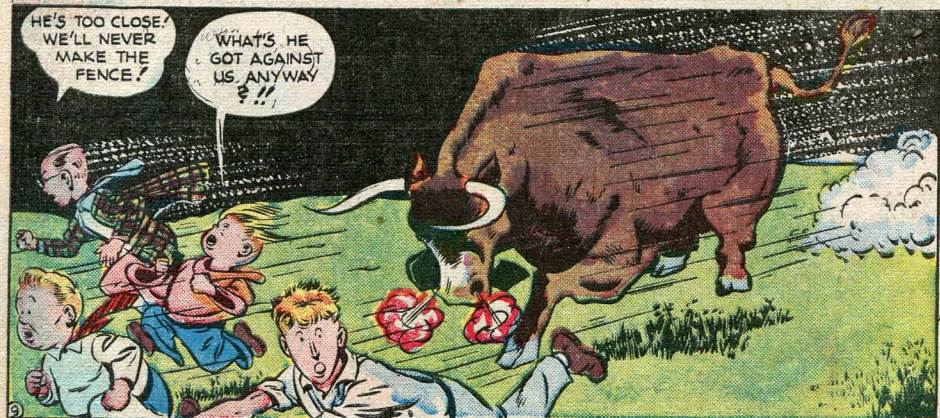
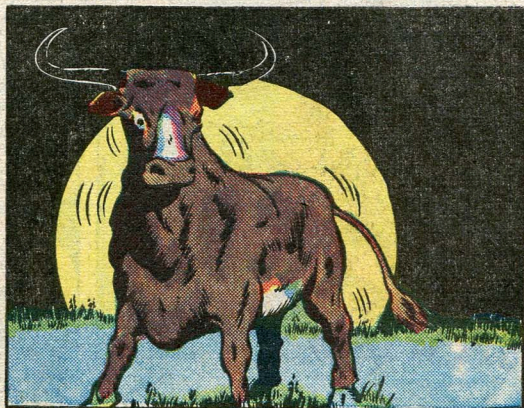


GET 'CRIME DOES NOT PAY'. SHOW IT TO DAD, HELL LOVE IT!

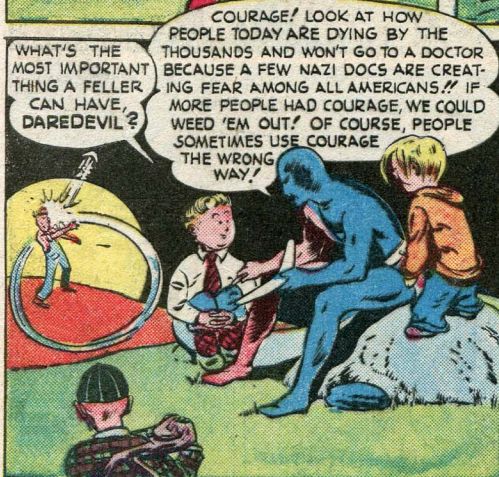
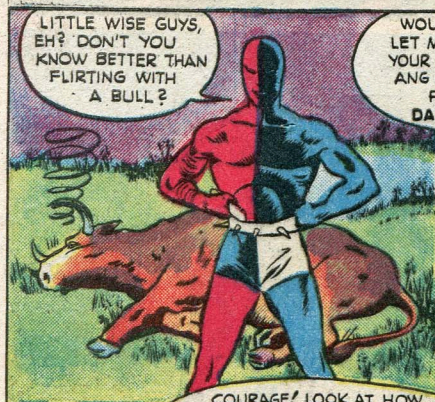
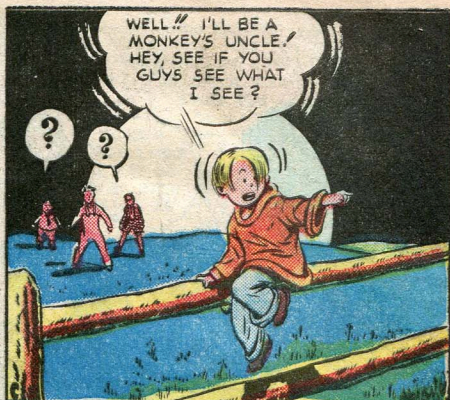
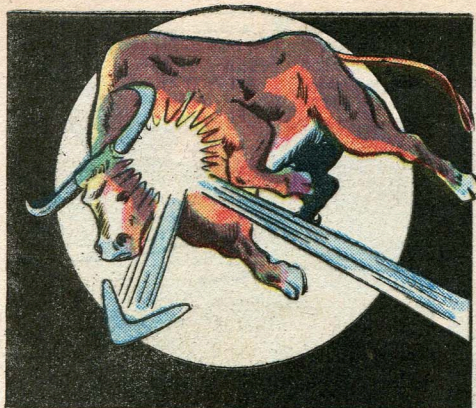


HELP WIN THE WAR, BUY DEFENSE STAMPS, NOW!



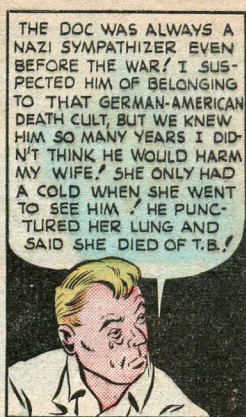


STICK TO COMIC HOUSE MAGAZINES. THEY'RE WHAT YOU WANT!

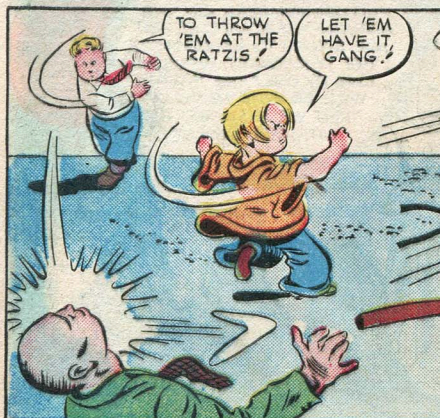
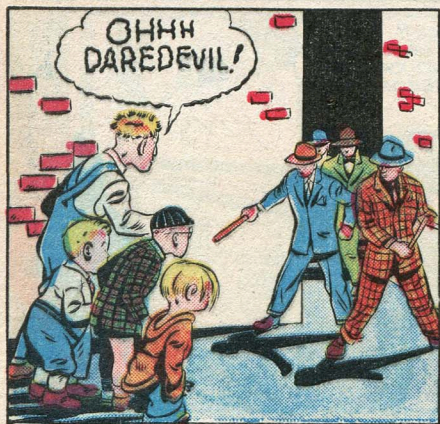
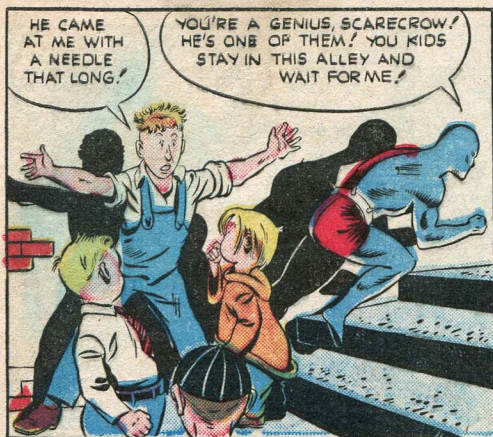




HAVE YOU READ THE LATEST BOY COMICS YET—GET IT TODAY!



ALL THE THRILLS OF TEN MAGAZINES IN "CRIME DOES NOT PAY!"



CRIME BUSTER'S MONKEY SEES EVIL, HEARS EVIL, AND HATES EVIL!

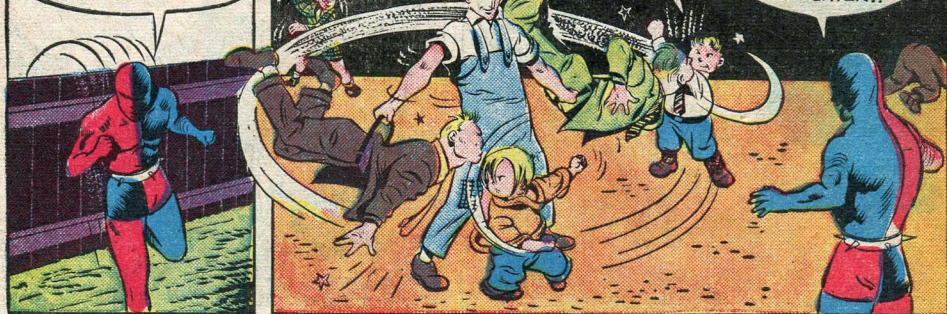
THAT DOC'S LEAVING! I SHOULD FOLLOW HIM BUT THOSE KIDS WILL GET HURT! I CAN'T LEAVE THEM AT THOSE KILLERS' MERCY!

BRING HIM AROUND AGAIN, SCARE-CROW!

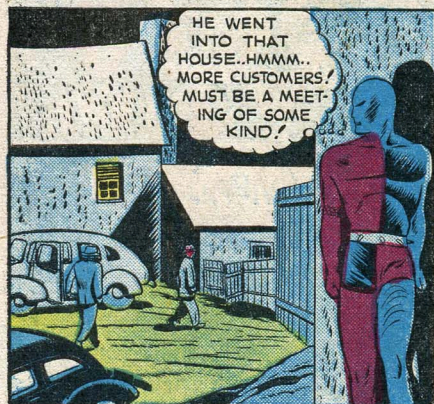
I'M GETTIN' A LITTLE DIZZY!

HIYA, DAREDEVIL, WANNA DO SOME PUNCHIN'?

HI, WISE GUYS! I SEE YOU DON'T NEED ANY HELP! WELL... HAVE FUN AND I'LL MEET YOU HERE LATER!!



HE WENT INTO THAT HOUSE...HMMM... MORE CUSTOMERS! MUST BE A MEETING OF SOME KIND!



WELL!! LET MY HAIR DOWN AND CALL ME VERONICA!!



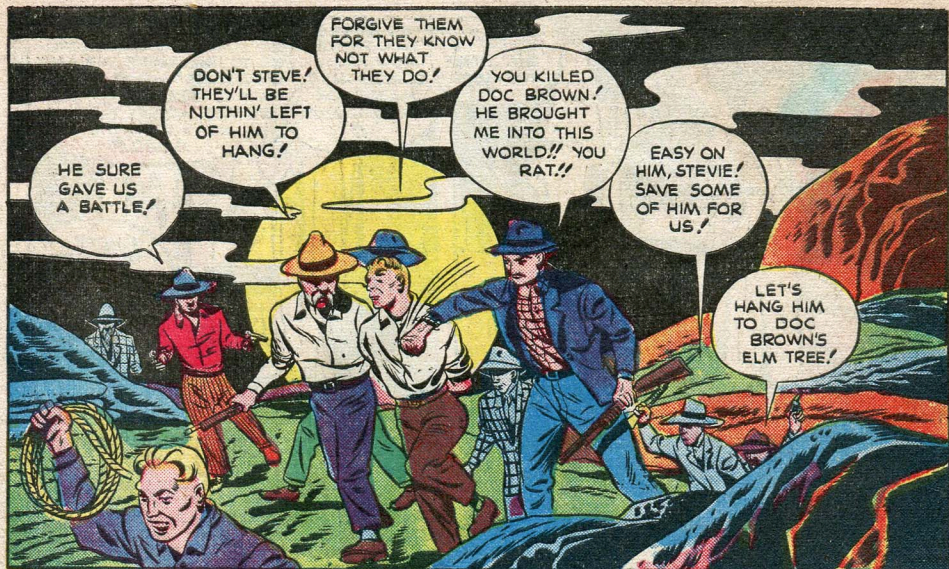
FELLOW MEMBERS OF THE GERMAN-AMERICAN CULT, YOU ARE SWORN TO EXTERMINATE THE DEMOCRATIC WEAKLINGS ONE BY ONE! THE WIZARD WILL BE HERE MOMENTARILY! THEN WE SHALL GET ON WITH OUR REPORTS!

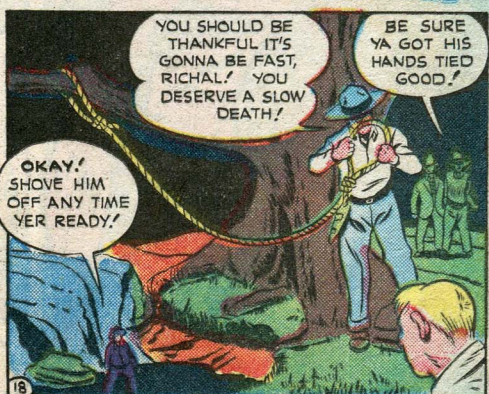
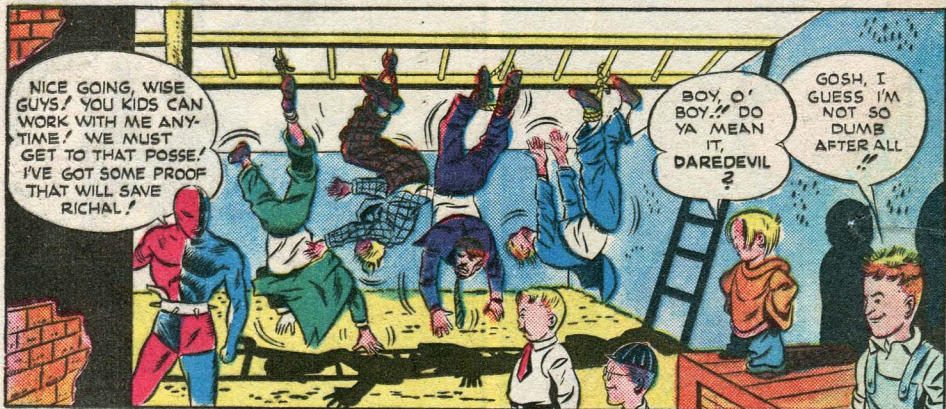


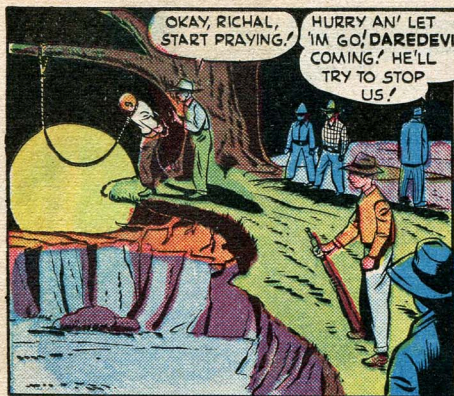
GET "CRIME DOES NOT PAY". SHOW IT TO DAD, HE'LL LOVE IT!



HELP COMBAT CROOKS, READ "CRIME DOES NOT PAY"!

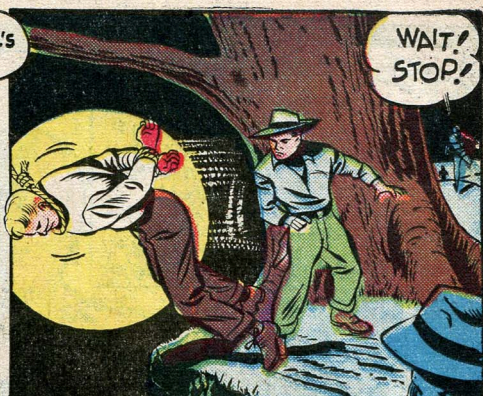




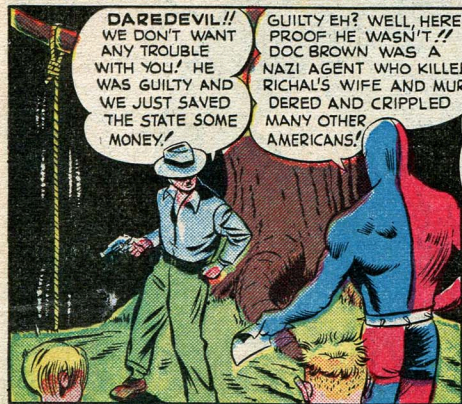


OKAY, RICHAL,
START PRAYING!

HURRY AN' LET
IM GO, DAREDEVIL'S
COMING! HE'LL
TRY TO STOP
US!



WAIT!
STOP!



DAREDEVIL!!
WE DON'T WANT
ANY TROUBLE
WITH YOU! HE
WAS GUILTY AND
WE JUST SAVED
THE STATE SOME
MONEY!

GUILTY EH? WELL, HERE'S
PROOF HE WASN'T!!
DOC BROWN WAS A
NAZI AGENT WHO KILLED
RICHAL'S WIFE AND MURDERED
AND CRIPPLED MANY OTHER
AMERICANS!

RICHAL ONLY DID WHAT
ANY ONE OF US SHOULD
HAVE DONE! I HOPE
YOU'RE ALL PROUD OF
YOURSELVES, TAKING THE
LAW INTO YOUR OWN HANDS
AND LYNCHING A MAN WHOM
ANY FOREIGN COURT IN
THE WORLD WOULD JUDGE GUILTY!
WHAT KIND OF AMERICANS
ARE YOU? WHERE'S
YOUR SENSE OF FAIR
PLAY?

THAT'S WHAT
I WAS TRYING
TO TELL 'EM
DAREDEVIL
!!

?



HURRY AN'
GET ME LOOSE!
THIS SHOE LACE
IS GONNA GIVE
ANY SECOND!



I NEVER THOUGHT
I'D OWE MY LIFE TO
A SHOE LACE, BUT
MOST OF ALL I HAVE
YOU TO THANK,

YOU'LL HAVE
TO STAND TRIAL,
BUT YOU'LL BE AC-
QUITTED AND THEY'LL
PROBABLY PIN A
MEDAL ON YOU!



WELL, LITTLE WISE GUYS,
SUPPOSE WE GO BACK
AND FINISH MAKING THAT
BOOMERANG FOR
SCARECROW!!

HEY,
WAIT UP
FER ME!

HAVE YOU READ THE LATEST BOY COMICS YET—GET IT TODAY!

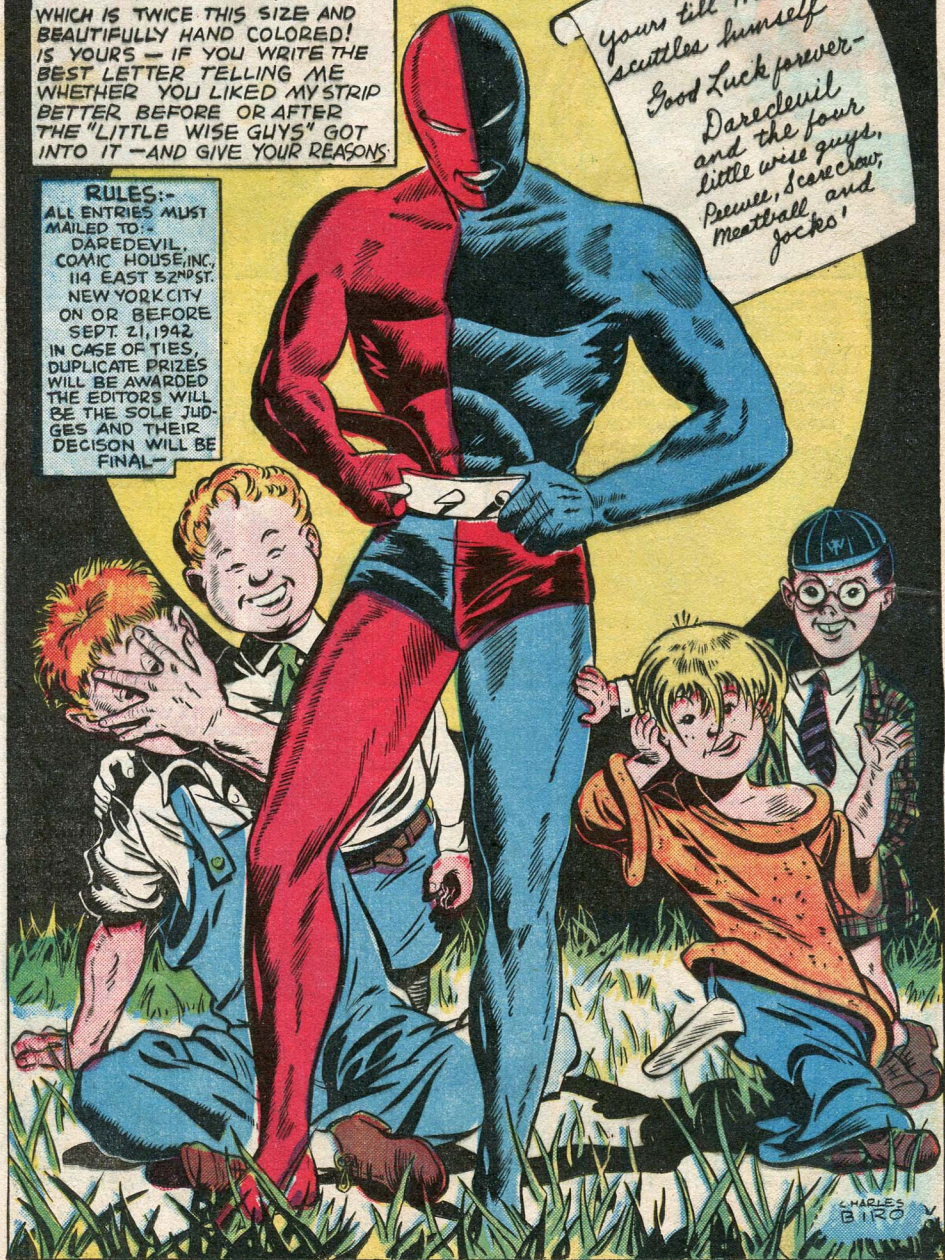
FREE! THE ORIGINAL
OF THIS DRAWING!

WHICH IS TWICE THIS SIZE AND
BEAUTIFULLY HAND COLORED!
IS YOURS — IF YOU WRITE THE
BEST LETTER TELLING ME
WHETHER YOU LIKED MY STRIP
BETTER BEFORE OR AFTER
THE "LITTLE WISE GUYS" GOT
INTO IT — AND GIVE YOUR REASONS.

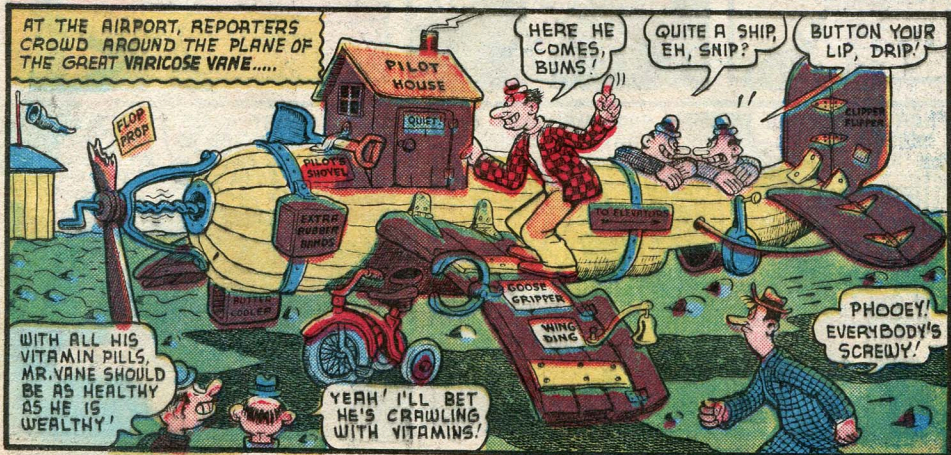
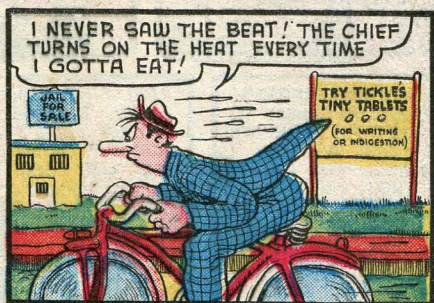
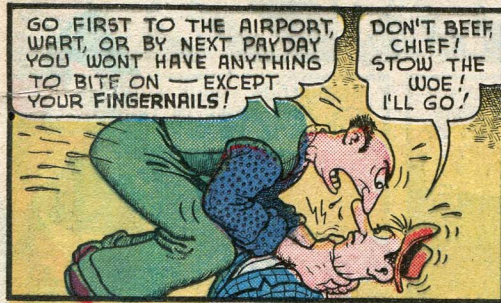
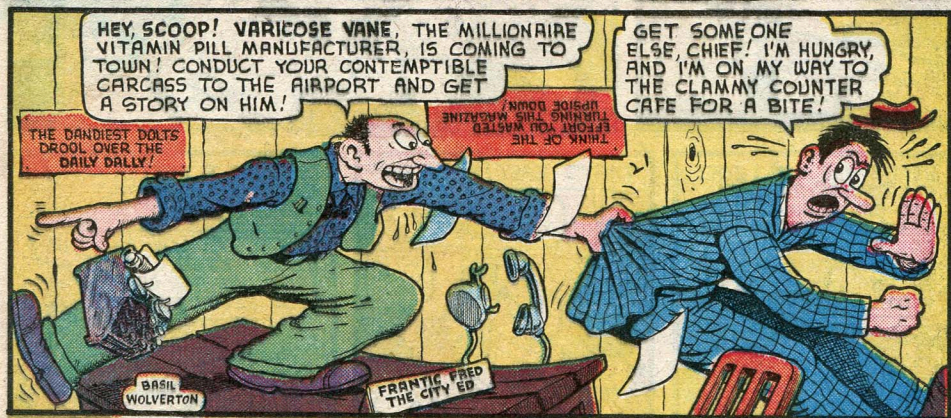
RULES:-

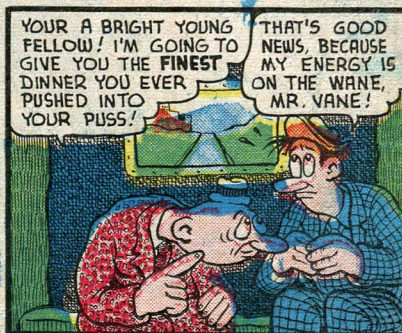
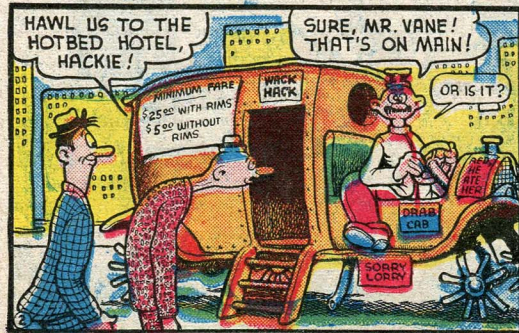
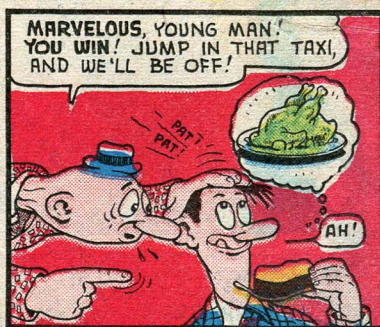
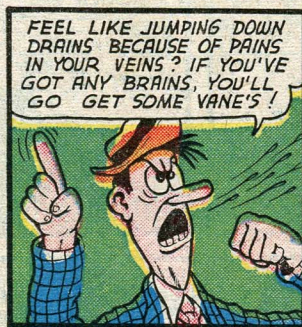
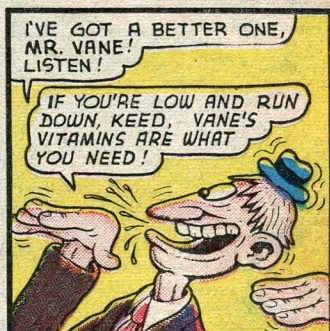
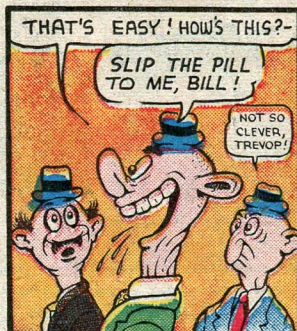
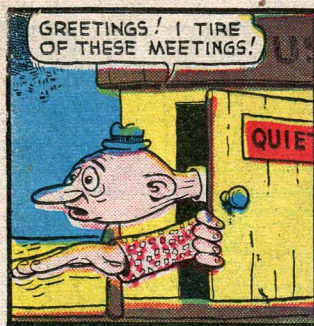
ALL ENTRIES MUST
MAILED TO:-
DAREDEVIL,
COMIC HOUSE, INC.,
114 EAST 32ND ST.
NEW YORK CITY
ON OR BEFORE
SEPT. 21, 1942
IN CASE OF TIES,
DUPLICATE PRIZES
WILL BE AWARDED
THE EDITORS WILL
BE THE SOLE JUD-
GES AND THEIR
DECISION WILL BE
FINAL—

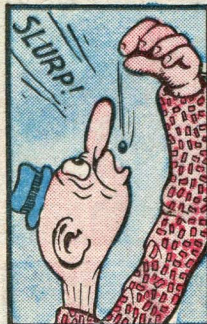
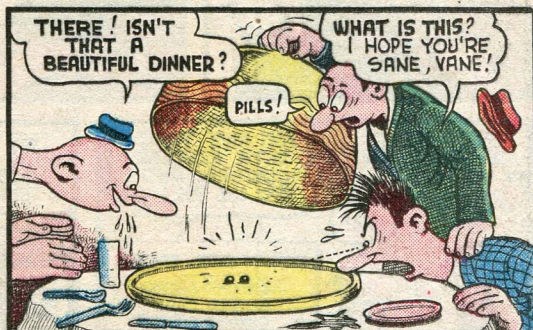
*Yours till Hitler
scuttles himself!
Good Luck forever—
Daredevil
and the four
little wise guys,
Preener, Scarecrow,
Mentball and
Jocks!*

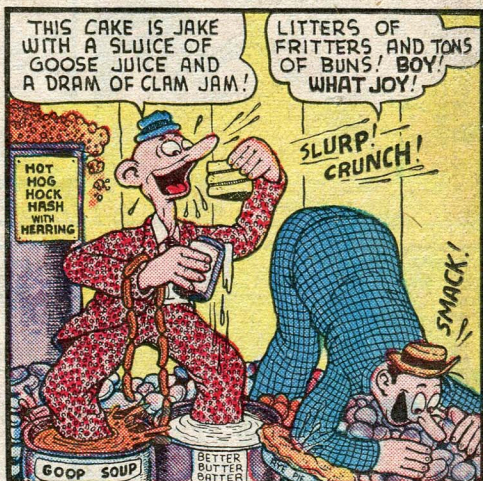
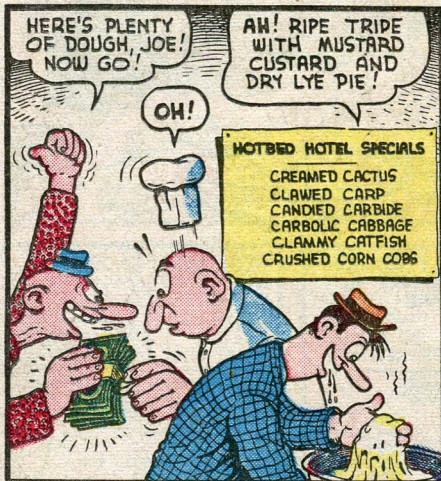
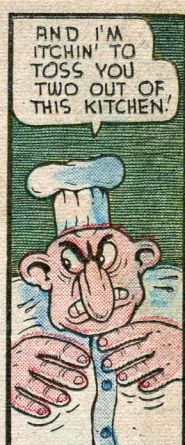
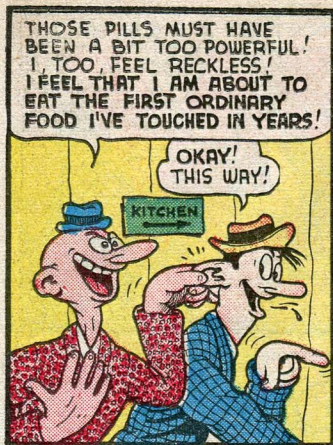


SCOOP SCUTTLE









THE CLAW

BY
BOB
WOOD

TWO MONARCHS OF MURDER PUT THEIR HEADS TOGETHER IN A DESPERATE EFFORT TO STAMP OUT DEMOCRACY. HITLER HAS MILLIONS OF MEN THAT MUST OBEY HIS ORDERS - MEN THAT WOULD BE SACRIFICED WITHOUT HESITATION SHOULD HE DEEM IT NECESSARY. THE CLAW HAS VAST HORDS OF ORIENTALS BEHIND HIM. WHAT DEVILISH PLAN WILL THESE TWO EXECUTIVE TO WIN THEIR "VICTORY AT ANY COST"?

MITT DER CLAW BE-
HIND ME GREAT BRITAIN
VILL BE WIPE OUT LIKE
A RAT HOLE! VELL CLOUD
DER SKY MITT BOMBERS!
HEIL HITLER!

THAT LITTLE
PUNK PAPER HANGER
THINKS I'M HIS ALLY!
HAR! ONCE WE
HAVE DEFEATED THE
ALLIES, I'LL STRING
THE SKUNK UP AND
RULE THE WORLD
MYSELF!
HEIL CLAW!

THIS STORY IS
DEDICATED TO THE
CAUSE OF DEMOCRACY.
THE 2ND WORLD WAR
IS RAGING FIERCE
EACH DAY, SO LET'S
TURN THE PAGE
AND VISIT
BERCHTESGADEN
GERMANY IN
MAY 1942.

HAVE YOU READ THE LATEST BOY COMICS YET? GET IT TODAY!



GOODT!
SEND HIM
IN!

EDITORS
NOTE:

AS YOU MAY
REMEMBER, IN
PAST ISSUES,
THE CLAW HAS
BEEN KNOWN
TO HAVE THE
POWER TO
CHANGE IN
SIZE. THIS HE
DOES THROUGH
THE USE OF A
SPECIAL CHEMI-
CAL AND WE
NOW SEE HIM
IN HIS USUAL
MAMMOTH SIZE
FOR THE
SAKE OF
CONVENIENCE.

A HISTORIC EVENT, THE WORLD'S
TWO WORST VILLAINS MEET...



DER BRITISH
SVINE HAVE EMBARRASSED
ME! DERE RUTHLESS
MASSACRE OFF DER
PEOPLES OF GERMANY
MUST BE AVENGED! WHY
IF DESE GOINGS ON KEEP
UP, MY PEOPLE MAY
REALIZE DOT I HAVE
BEEN LYING TO DEM
ALL DESE YEARS!
ACH DU LEIBER!



BUT NEVERDERLESS IT WAS
EMBARRASSING WHEN 2 BOMBERS
DID GET THROUGH AND DESTROYED
ED A LITTLE DAIRY FARM.

ONLY LAST WEEK DER BRITISH
TRIED TO CREATE PANIC BY
BOMBING COLOGNE. OF COURSE,
MY PEOPLE KNEW IT WAS IMPOSSIBLE!

ACH! DISS CANNOT
BE! WHY OUR
FUEHRER SAID IT
WOULD NOT
HAPPEN!

I AM BEGIN-
NING TO VONDER!
MAYBE EVEN
DER FUEHRER
MIGHT BE
WRONG!



GET 'CRIME DOES NOT PAY'. SHOW IT TO DAD, HE'LL LOVE IT!



WITH MY NEW AIR FLEET, AND THE REMAINDER OF YOURS, WE CAN TURN THE TIDE PROVIDING YOU GIVE ME HALF THE WORLD'S LOOT!

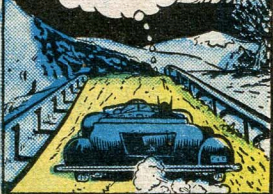
JA! SURE, WHY NOT? WE ARE PALS!

DOT'S WHAT HE THINKS!



AS THE CLAW LEAVES, HIS BLACK BRAIN BEATS FIERCELY WITH THE DREAM OF TRIUMPH.

NORTH AMERICA IS MY SPOIL OF THE BOOTY. IF HITLER OBJECTS, HE DIES!



AND NOW OUR SCENE SHIFTS TO THE CORE OF A VOLCANO CRATER WHERE THE CLAW HASTENS TO PUT HIS FLEET INTO FIGHTING SHAPE.



3 WEEKS LATER, BRITISH OFFICIALS DISCUSS THE VICTORIOUS RESULTS OF COLOGNE'S BOMBING PREPARATION FOR ANOTHER ATTACK...

IT PROVES BEYOND A DOUBT THAT THOUSANDS OF PLANES CAN BE USED TOGETHER SAFELY!

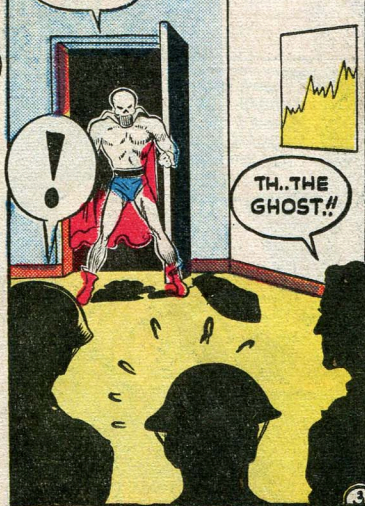
THERE WAS ONE CHAP LEADING SQUADRON 13. I DON'T KNOW WHO HE WAS, BUT I'VE NEVER SEEN SO MANY PLANES SHOT DOWN BY ONE MAN!



GENTLEMEN, THAT PILOT'S IDENTITY HAS BEEN KEPT A SECRET AND YOU'RE IN FOR A SURPRISE! HE'S PAYING US A VISIT TODAY. I EXPECT HIM ANY MINUTE!



GREETINGS, MEN!



IF YOU LIKE OUR MAGAZINE, TELL YOUR FRIENDS!

WE'VE
BEEN
WAITING
FOR YOU,
GHOST!

I'M AFRAID OUR NEXT
ATTACK WILL HAVE TO
WAIT! THE CLAW'S STIR-
RING UP TROUBLE
AGAIN! LOOKS
LIKE HE PLANS
TO SEND AN
AIR FLEET
HERE!

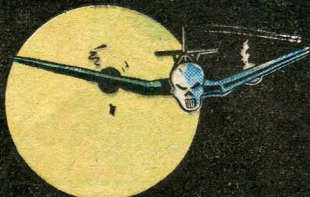
THE
CLAW! THAT'S
ABSDURD! HE'S
SOMEWHERE IN
ASIA! WE'LL GO
AHEAD WITH
OUR PLANS!

THE CLAW IS
NOW IN ASIA! IF
YOU INSIST ON
DISBELIEVING ME,
DON'T SAY I
DIDN'T WARN
YOU!



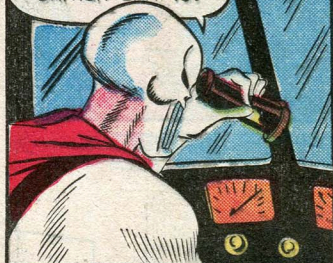
THAT NIGHT, THE MAN IN WHITE
SPEEDS OFF IN HIS FAMOUS GHOST
SHIP....

A LITTLE
INVESTIGATING OVER
GERMANY MIGHT
UNCOVER SOMETHING!



FROM HIGH ABOVE GERMANY,
THE GHOST WATCHES.

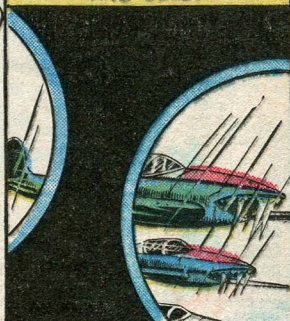
THERE'S A FLEET OF
PLANES BUT THEY'RE
NOT GERMAN OR
BRITISH CRAFTS!



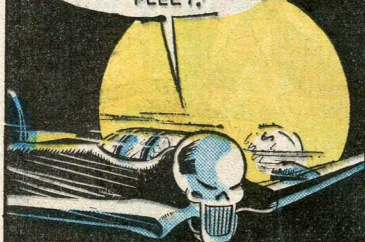
THERE MUST BE
THOUSANDS OF
THEM! WONDER
WHAT THEY
COULD BE?



AT A LOW ALTITUDE, THE
GHOST PEERS AGAIN WITH
HIS BINOCULARS...
AND SEES!



I WAS RIGHT! THE
CLAW'S GOT HIS
PLANES IN ACTION!
PROBABLY GOING
TO JOIN HITLER'S
FLEET!



QUICKLY THE GHOST SWINGS
HIS CRAFT ABOUT AND
STREAKS TOWARD LONDON.

SOON, ALL OF ENGLAND AWAITS THE ATTACK...



STICK TO COMIC HOUSE MAGAZINES, THEY'RE WHAT YOU WANT!

IN BERLIN, THE DUO OF DISASTER MATCH WITS AS THEY PREPARE TO WITNESS THE ATTACK VIA TELEVISION..

DON'T FORGET, HITLER, I GET ONE HALF OF THE TERRITORY WHEN VICTORY COMES!

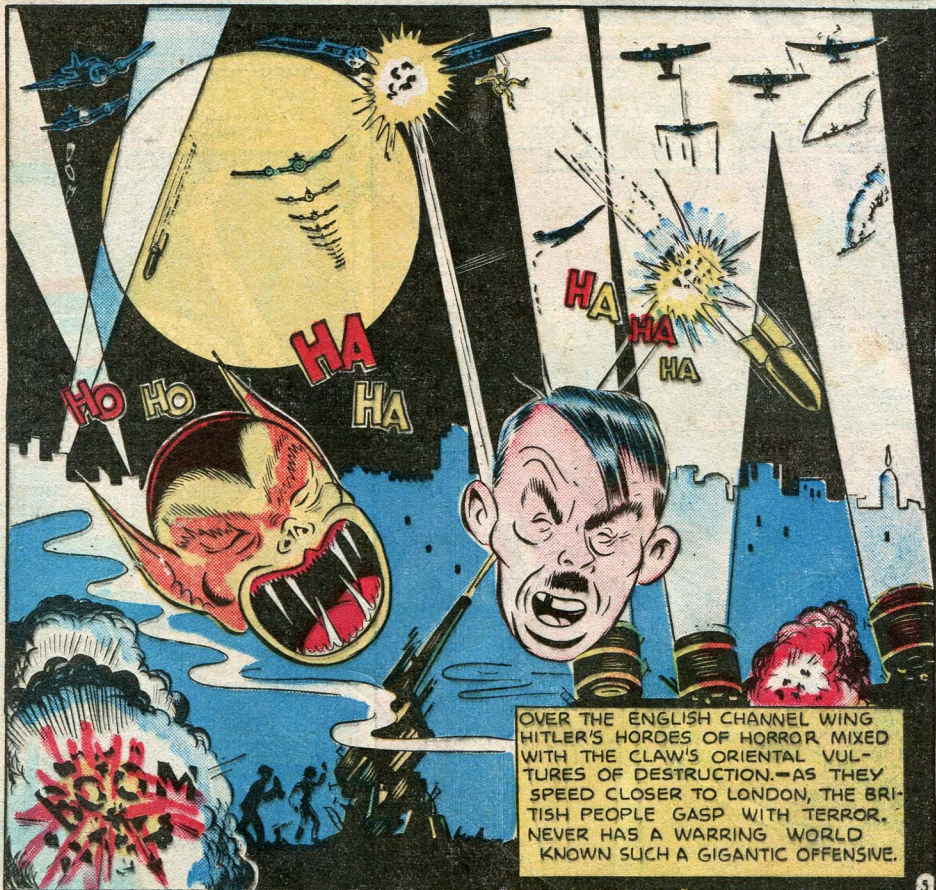
OF COURSE, MINE FRIEND, DER FUEHRER ISS A MAN OF HONOR. COME, LET US SEE DER BATTLE!



IN THE NAZI LEADER'S SECRET CHAMBER, A TELEVISION SET RECORDS HIS MOST DESPERATE ATTEMPT TO CRUSH THE ALLIES

HAR! 15,000 PLANES. HOW CAN THEY MISS!

JA! VE SHOW DER BRITISH WHAT TOTAL WAR MEANS!



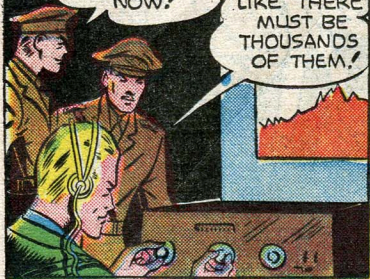
OVER THE ENGLISH CHANNEL WING HITLER'S HORDES OF HORROR MIXED WITH THE CLAW'S ORIENTAL VULTURES OF DESTRUCTION.—AS THEY SPEED CLOSER TO LONDON, THE BRITISH PEOPLE GASP WITH TERROR. NEVER HAS A WARRING WORLD KNOWN SUCH A GIGANTIC OFFENSIVE.

HELP WIN THE WAR, BUY DEFENSE STAMPS NOW!

AT A BRITISH SHORT WAVE
STATION ON THE CHANNEL...

THEY SHOULD
BE NEAR OUR
CONCENTRATION
ANY MOMENT
NOW!

SOUNDS
LIKE THERE
MUST BE
THOUSANDS
OF THEM!

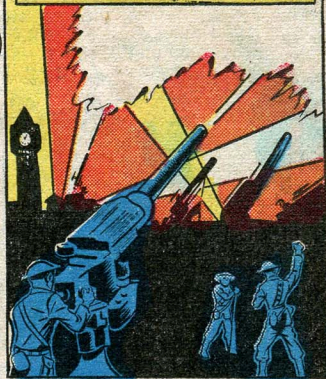


WAIT!

HERE THEY
COME! GHOST
SAYS TO MAN
ALL GUNS FOR
AN ALTITUDE
OF 20,000
FEET!



AT THIS MOMENT, A
HEAVY RING OF ANTI-AIR-
CRAFT GUNS ROARS LOOSE.



...AND DEATH PIERCES INTO THE NIGHT.
NEVER BEFORE HAS ENGLAND USED SO
MANY GUNS IN ONE LOCALITY. THANKS
TO THE GHOST, THE ENEMY CRAFTS FALL
LIKE FLIES.



THEN THE GHOST HIMSELF
DROPS DOWN FROM THE
SKY AND SWINGS BACK
TOWARD GERMANY...



MEANWHILE, IN BERLIN THE TWO
WARLORDS OF HATE BECOME ENFURI-
ATED...

GOTT IN
HIMMEL! DER
WHOLE SQUADRON
RUINED! DOT
ISS VOT I GET
FOR LISTENING
TO YOU!

SILENCE!!
DOG!!

I WILL
HAFF YOU
LIQUIDATED
FOR YOUR
INSOLENCE!

Y..YOU'RE G..GETTING
BIGGER!! S..STOP!
VOT ARE YOU
DOING??

COME MY LITTLE
RAT! WE'RE GOING TO
TAKE A LITTLE WALK!
I'LL BASH YOU
AGAINST THE
MOUNTAINS!

GROWING LARGER AND LARGER,
THE CLAW EYES THE TERRIFIED
HITLER...

THIS IS
YOUR DOOM,
HITLER!!

D..DON'T!!
I..I MAKE
YOU
HEAD
UFF...

AT THIS MOMENT...

ACH!!

HOW TIMELY!
TWO BIRDS WITH
ONE STONE!!

THE GHOST PIVOTS AND
CATCHES HITLER IN MID-AIR
WITH A TERRIFIC BLOW...

NOW CLAW,
WE'LL FINISH
THIS FEUD
ONCE AND
FOR ALL!

NEXT
MONTH! THE REAL
SHOWDOWN
BATTLE...
CLAW vs. GHOST!!

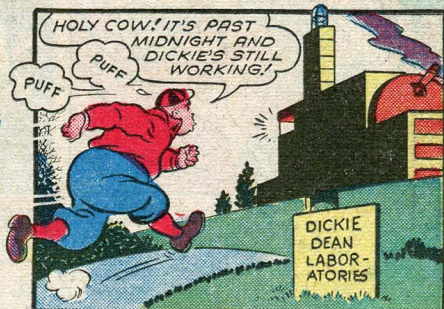
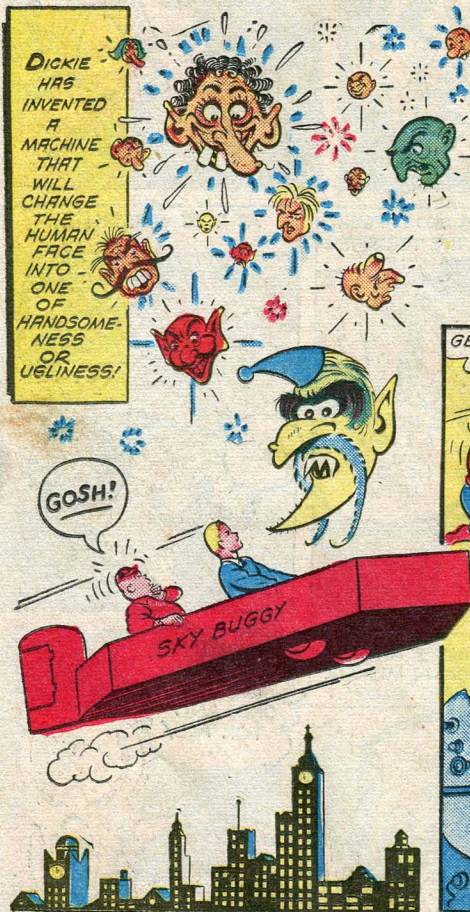
IF YOU LIKE OUR MAGAZINE, TELL YOUR FRIENDS!

DICKIE DEAN

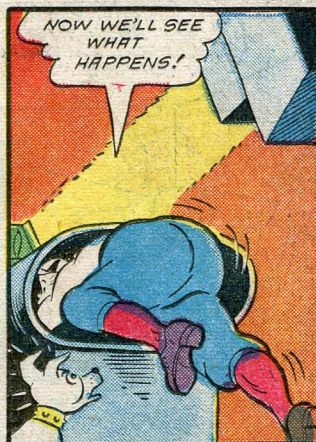
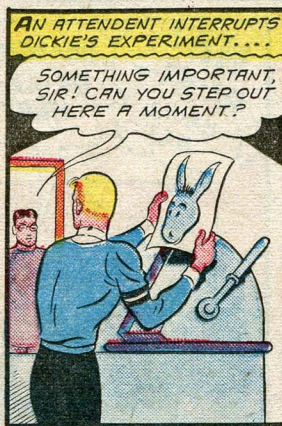
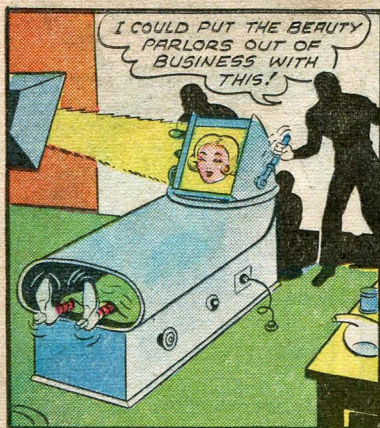
The Boy Inventor.....

32

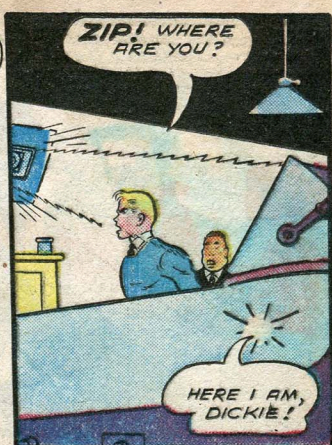
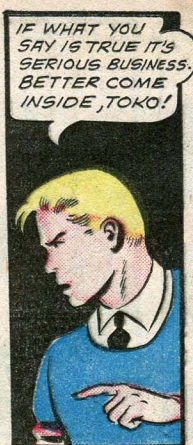
BY BART TUMEY AND DICK WOOD-



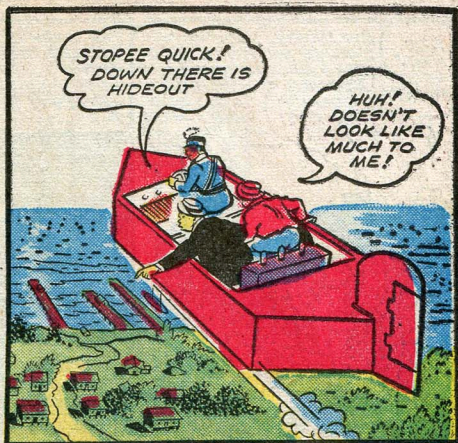
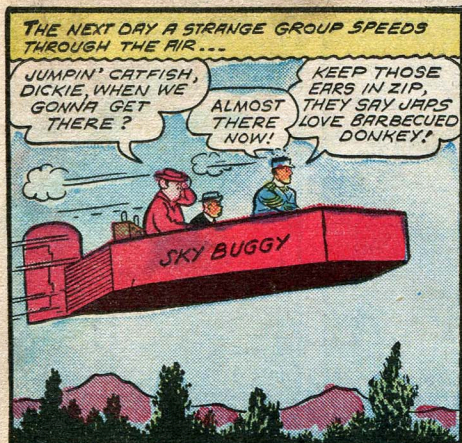
LEV. GLEASON, PUBLISHER, CHARLES BIRO AND BOB WOOD, EDITORS, A TEAM YOU CAN'T BEAT!



STICK TO COMIC HOUSE MAGAZINES, THEY'RE WHAT YOU WANT!

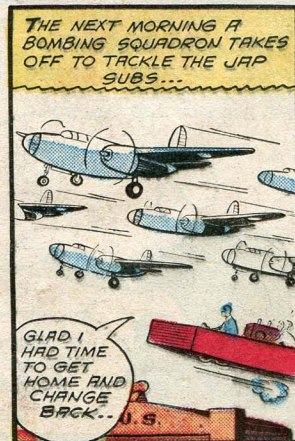


IF YOU'RE A RED-BLOODED AMERICAN BOY, READ BOY COMICS!

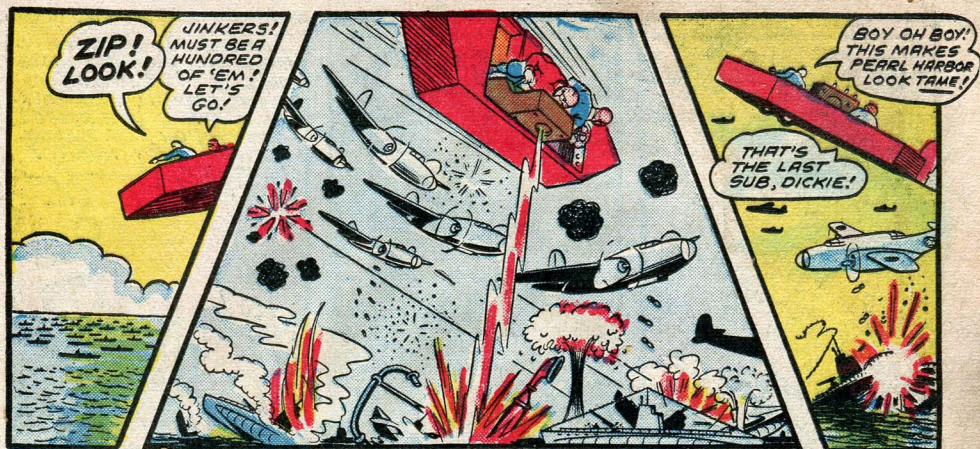


HELP COMBAT CROOKS, READ "CRIME DOES NOT PAY"

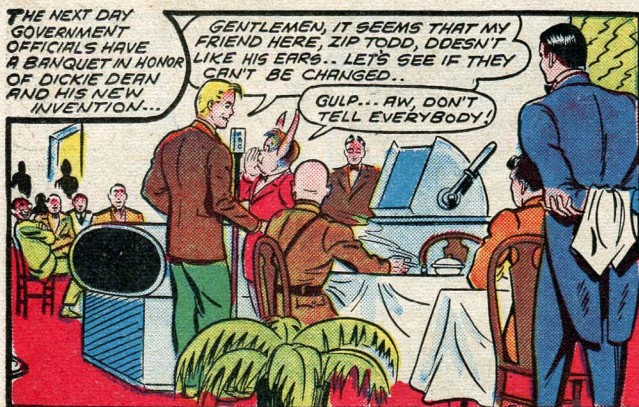




IF YOU LIKE OUR MAGAZINE, TELL YOUR FRIENDS!



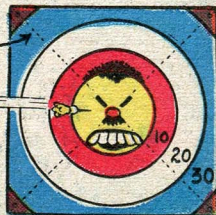
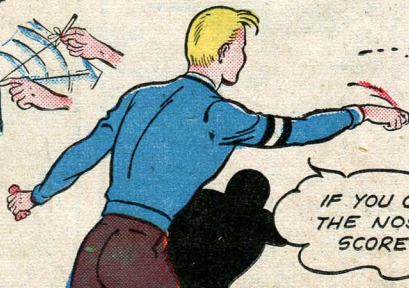
THE NEXT DAY GOVERNMENT OFFICIALS HAVE A BANQUET IN HONOR OF DICKIE DEAN AND HIS NEW INVENTION...



DICKIE DEAN'S INVENTION FOR THIS MONTH IS THIS EASY-TO-MAKE RAP THE JAP TARGET!

JUST TAKE A SQUARE PIECE OF HEAVY PAPER OR CARDBOARD AND DRAW DIAGONAL LINES FROM THE CORNERS...(LIKE THE DOTTED LINES)

NEXT, TIE A STRING TO A CRAYON OR PENCIL... THEN PUT YOUR FINGER ON THE STRING OVER THE SPOT WHERE THE LINES CROSS. IT'S EASY TO MAKE THE CIRCLES AND FILL IN THE JAP'S FACE!





STAMPS

by Sidney M. Elias



The Great Wall of China

ONE of the most stupendous works ever conceived and executed by man is the Great Wall of China. This man made wonder of the world extends a distance of 1,800 miles. It starts in the western frontier of Kiang-su and stretches over high hills, deep valleys, and across many rivers, travelling eastward until it reaches the sea at Shan-hai-kwan. To give you an idea of its size, just consider an elevated highway built and paved with bricks 20 feet high and wide enough for six horsemen to ride abreast stretching from Philadelphia to Kansas City. This is a distance half way across the United States. The Great Wall is 25 feet thick at its base and 15 feet at the top

Wall has been preserved and extended by many reigns of Chinese emperors. To-day along a large part of its course, the Wall is little more than a mass of debris.

Stamp collectors who have air



Air Mail Issue of 1932

mail stamps of China in their collections are well acquainted with a view of the Great Wall, for China has issued three series of air mail stamps all showing scenes of the Wall as it winds its way over a mountain with an airplane flying overhead.

Regarding the history of the Great Wall we find that one of its purposes was to keep out the Tartars, who came down from the north to invade the Chinese. The Wall was started in 214 B.C. by Che Wang-tse, who was the leading prince of the feudal states which existed at that time. Wang-tse became the first emperor of China and his idea in building the Wall was not only to keep the Tartars out, but to unite the Chinese behind the wall. He abolished the feudal system and set himself up as Emperor of China. The name he adopted for himself, Che Wang-tse means First Universal Emperor.

To the Chinese, the Great Wall is a monument of united China and a sign of the destruction of the feudal system.



Air Mail Issue of 1929

with towers every 100 yards. The work on this enormous task began in the year 214 B.C. and required hundred of thousands of laborers as well as many, many years to complete. It must be remembered that this work was performed in ancient times, long before the motor truck, the motor derrick, and the cement mixer and that all the labor was performed by hand. Down through the years the Great

CANAL ZONE

Panama Canal commemorative and Ecuador with U. S. flag in natural colors, also "Bullfight" stamp, Chinese "Midget," Giant Diamond, "Christ" Triangle, "Earthquake" Airmail, Mozambique, Morocco, Ex-Nazi Colony. Stamps showing Giraffe, Royal Air Force Pilot, etc., all 5c with approvals.

POTOMAC STAMP CO.

Dept. 9 Washington, D. C.

55 DIFF. UNITED STATES 5c

Including AIRMAILS, PRESENTIALS, high values, 19th cent. commemoratives, coils, revenues, etc. To applicants for our BARGAIN APPROVALS. FREE BIG LISTS included. W. C. BOOKMAN

Box 145 X Maplewood, N. J.

MOROCCO

Mint Pictorial Set of Six. Issued 1932. 1c to 15c. Showing Old Palace of the Sultan at Tangier, Ronda, and other scenes. Post Office at Casablanca. Only 5c to approval applicants.

STAMP COLLECTORS' SERVICE Dept. "E" Box 325 Church St. Annex, N. Y. C.

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A rare purchase enables us to offer you 50 different stamps from Asia, including SINGAPORE, Thailand, IRAN, Malaya, INDIA, Philippines, CHINA, Manchukuo, INDIA, Dutch Indies, etc., for ONLY 5c with approvals and large lists.

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115 ALL DIFFERENT STAMPS FREE

(Catalog value over \$2.25) given to approval applicants sending 4c postage.

ZEPHYR 3437 N. Kolmar, Chicago

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U. S. APPROVAL SERVICE

Drop us a postcard and we will send you by return mail a fine selection of commemorative, air mail, and revenue stamps. Write today. HUBER STAMP CO. Dept. 38, 1227 Chetlev Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

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23 different including ZEPPELIN TRIANGLES, Latin-American, etc. a fine Airmail collection only 5c to applicants for our special approval.

CONTINENTAL STAMP Co. Sands Hook, Conn.

Dept. E.

7 U. S. SETS — \$5.00 CHINA

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PLADON STAMP CO. 1717 K Idaho, Toledo, Ohio

POSITIVELY SENSATIONAL!

BIG PICTORIAL PACKET including 3 TRIANGLES, scarce Tanna Touva Diamond, Georgia, Tanganyika, Lebanon, etc. EVERYTHING including lists ONLY 5c to new approval applicants.

DOBRES STAMP CO. Dept. F, 4126 Garrison Blvd., Baltimore, Md.

BIGGEST PENNY BARGAIN

Big new Canadian Airmail, two different Guatemalan Quetzal Birds, and a complete set of six Salvador for only a one cent stamp to approval applicants.

Box 1603 STAMP SERVICE Durham, N. Car.

EARN CASH! EARN STAMPS!

Boys and girls, sell my approvals, nickel packets, new stamps in your school, club and neighborhood, or to yourself. Bargains in stamps and profits to you.

35 Reade St. MORTIMER ELLIS Dept. S-5 New York, N. Y.

6 LIBERIA AIRMAIL TRIANGLES 5c

Complete set to approval applicants only.

L. W. BROWN Dept. "G" Nation, Mich.

SUPER-WONDER PACKET OFFERED

Containing stamps from AFGHANISTAN (Iraq), NORTH HORNED (buffalo), IRAQ (late king), SARAWAK (rain), GUADALOUPE (sugar refining), COSTA RICA (sawmill), MARTINIQUE (village), BRUNEL (Queensland). This entire packet for only 5c to approval applicants. Big illustrated lists free with each order.

KERT STAMP CO.

G.P.O. Box 57(6) Brooklyn, N. Y.

GIGANTIC CANADIAN BARGAIN

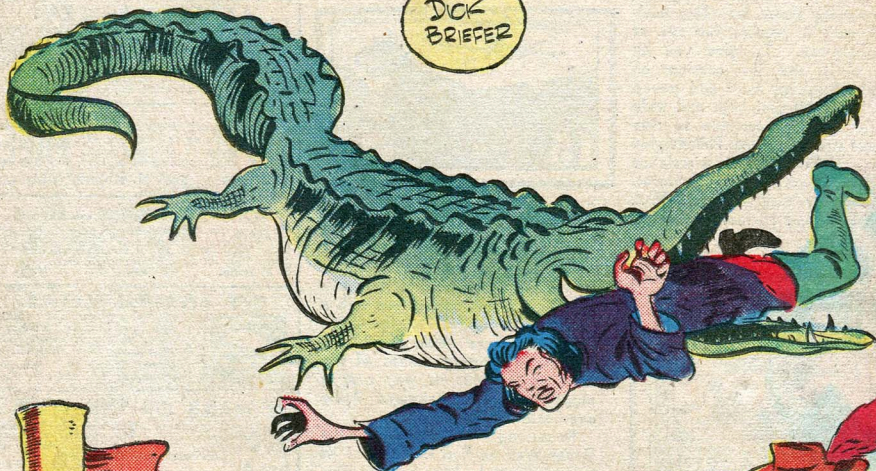
Complete set Royal Visit, Coronation, Jubilee, new George VI set, Confederation, Geo. V set, etc. A gigantic bargain. Only 1c to approval applicants.

1c ENSIGN STAMP CO., Box 56 Newark, N. J.

PIRATE PRINCE

The

by
DICK
BRIEFER



FROM ALL OUTWARD APPEARANCES, THIS SEEMS TO HAVE BEEN THE FATE OF ROBIN, TRAITOR, SNEAK, MURDERER, ENEMY OF THE PIRATE PRINCE AND THE BLACK MASK. BUT LET US REFRESH OUR MEMORY ON THE LAST INSTALLMENT ----

ROBIN'S MEN..

ROBIN IS GOING TO MURDER THE PIRATE PRINCE AND MAKE OFF WITH HIS TREASURE, PERCY.

AH--WITH THAT TREASURE I CAN BUY MANY SODAS BACK HOME.



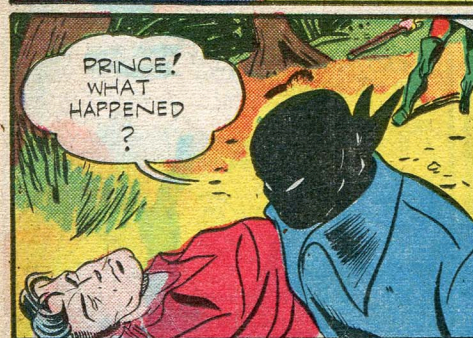
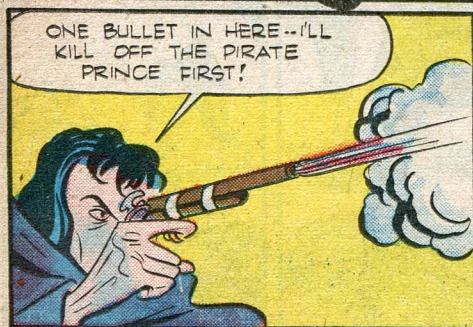
MEANWHILE, THE PIRATE PRINCE AND THE BLACK MASK CAME UPON ----

LOOK--WE'VE BEEN SEARCHING FOR ROBIN--THERE'S HIS HAT--

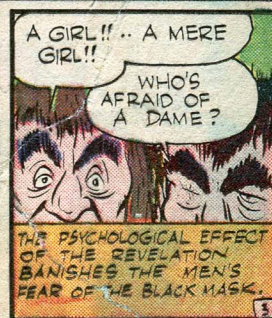
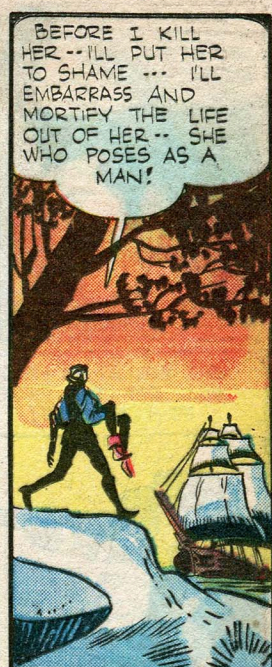
YES--THERE'S HIS HAT--NEAR THAT GIANT CROCODILE!



BE LIKE DAREDEVIL, ALWAYS ON THE LEVEL!



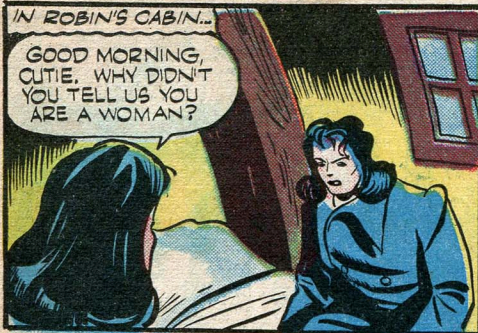
IF YOU'RE A RED-BLOODED AMERICAN BOY, READ BOY COMICS!



HELP COMBAT CROOKS, READ "CRIME DOES NOT PAY!"

IN ROBIN'S CABIN...

GOOD MORNING, CUTIE. WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL US YOU ARE A WOMAN?



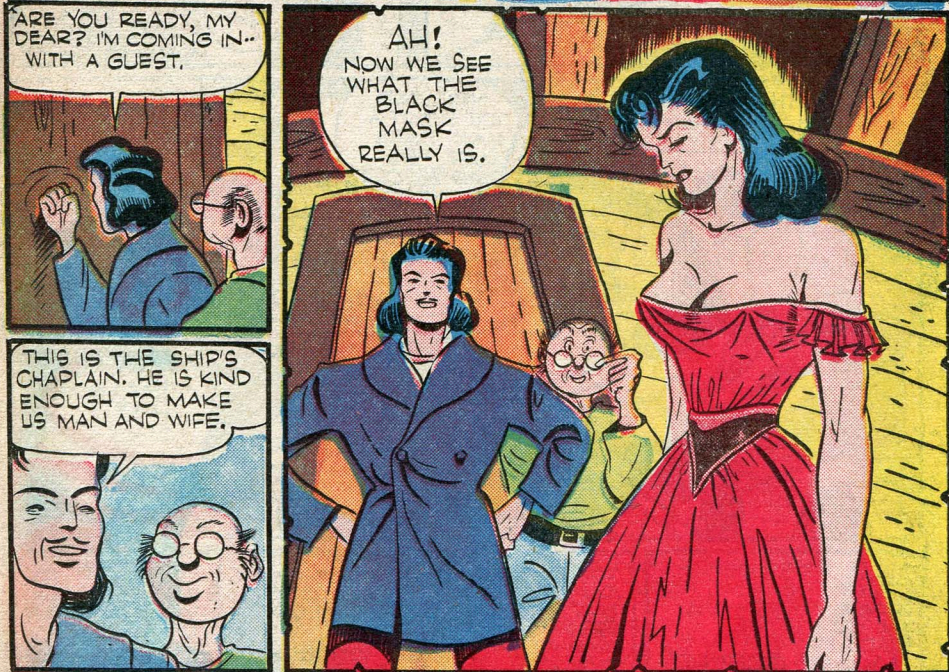
I'LL GO OUT LIKE A NICE LAD, AND YOU PUT ON THESE CLOTHES. THEY'RE MORE BECOMING TO YOUR CHARM!



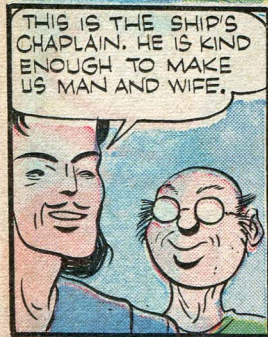
ARE YOU READY, MY DEAR? I'M COMING IN-- WITH A GUEST.



AH! NOW WE SEE WHAT THE BLACK MASK REALLY IS.



THIS IS THE SHIP'S CHAPLAIN. HE IS KIND ENOUGH TO MAKE US MAN AND WIFE.



AND FOR OUR HONEYMOON, DARLING, YOU WILL BE PUT TO DEATH!



I NOW PERNOUNCE YOU TWO MAN AND---



HOLD ON A
MINUTE, PALS!

PIRATE
PRINCE!

UP WITH YOUR SWORD,
ROBIN, DEAR SKUNK.

NEXT TIME
YOU SHOOT A
MAN, MAKE
SURE HE'S
DEAD BEFORE
YOU LEAVE
HIM!

CLASH

YOU'LL NEVER GET
OUT OF THIS ALIVE,
PRINCE. MY MEN WILL
KILL YOU AND THE
BLACK MASK EVEN
IF YOU VANQUISH ME!

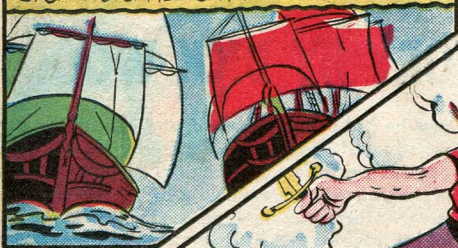
FOOL! WHEN
YOU PASS BY
THAT WINDOW,
SEE IF YOU CAN
TAKE A QUICK
LOOK AT WHAT'S
IN STORE
FOR YOUR
CREW!

WH--WHAT
DO YOU
MEAN?

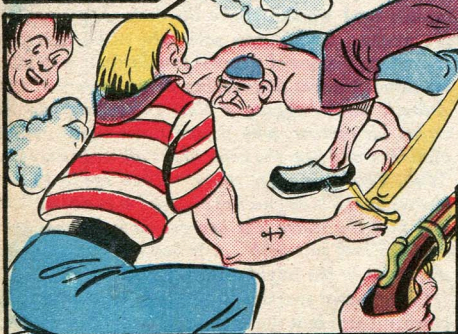
LOOKS LIKE I'LL
GET OUT OF THIS
MESS. I'D BETTER
CHANGE MY CLOTHES.

ALL THE THRILLS OF TEN MAGAZINES IN "CRIME DOES NOT PAY!"

ROBIN GLANCES OUT OF THE WINDOW TO SEE BOTH SHIPS OF THE PIRATE PRINCE AND THE BLACK MASK BEARING DOWN UPON HIS SMALL CRAFT



THE TWO SHIPS FLANK ROBIN'S, AND THE MEN SURGE ABOARD FELLING ONE AFTER ANOTHER OF ROBIN'S EVIL CREW.



MEANWHILE, BELOW---

TOO BAD ROBIN... YOU DESERVE THIS!



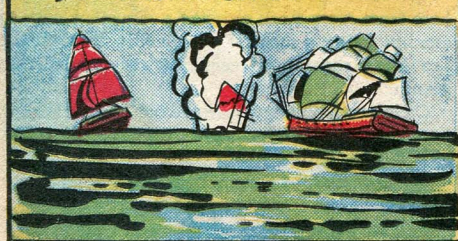
I'LL BE WITH YOU AS SOON AS I CHANGE CLOTHES THEN WE'LL CLEAN UP THIS WHOLE FILTHY CREW!



ONCE AGAIN THE PIRATE PRINCE AND THE BLACK MASK FIGHT SIDE BY SIDE.



AND IN A SHORT TIME -- WHERE THERE WERE THREE SHIPS -- ONLY TWO REMAIN -- THE SMOLDERING HULK OF ROBIN'S CRAFT SINKING TO THE BOTTOM.



NEXT MONTH!! A BIG SURPRISE

AWAITS YOU ON THESE VERY PAGES!!

DON'T MISS IT!!

HELP WIN THE WAR, BUY DEFENSE STAMPS NOW!

BLITZ IN ALASKA

A CRIMEBUSTER STORY BY DICK WOOD

OUR SCENE! TIMES SQUARE, NEW YORK CITY — A newsboy screams . . . "Extree! Extree! American forces trapped in Alaska. Jap attack swamps two thousand fighting men . . ."

An elderly man reads a few lines, then shouts hysterically at a youth beside him.

"Why, the dirty scum, they poisoned the water supply!"

The boy he spoke to was too busy reading to voice a reply. He mumbled something in agreement and walked off, his head still buried in the newspaper. As the youth sauntered on, passersby would stop to gaze at him. There was something strangely familiar about his straight, wiry figure and clean-cut features; and well there might be, for nearly every person in America must have seen *Crimebuster's* picture in the paper at one time or another.

When *Crimebuster* reached his apartment, the strong points of the morning news were hammering into his mind. General Creig's troops hopelessly surrounded . . . Water supply contaminated . . . Medicines destroyed by sabotage . . . Relief planes unable to break through Jap ring of steel. *Crimebuster* gazed out of his window and frowned. The whole nation was praying that some miracle would happen up in the frozen north. The major part of the U. S. Fleet had been in the South Pacific when the Japs launched their vicious attack on Alaska. It would take days before any decisive naval or land action could be brought to bear on the invaders. Until now, it had been thought they could hold out but with the sabotage of medicine and water they were doomed unless aid was immediately forthcoming. Even the most optimistic strategists considered this a major catastrophe. A foothold on the Alaskan bases would allow the Jap military machine to muster power and sweep down the west coast of America. If at the same time Germany should launch an aggressive campaign against the east coast and the Panama Canal, the United States would indeed be in a desperate situation. With a pincer movement at each end of the country, military strength would be divided and America would have to fight at a serious disadvantage on two giant battlefronts. There was no room for argument . . . Alaska must be kept at all costs . . .

The idol of American youth crossed the room to his study table, and sat down, fists tightly clenched. For the first time in his life he felt defeated. In the

past he had fought, smashed, and blasted his way in and out of Germany against thousand-to-one odds, but this was different. When the military machine of the United States was held at bay, it seemed hopeless that there was anything he alone could do. He let his troubled eyes drift upward to a picture of a middle-aged woman above his desk. A picture of his mother. As his eyes solemnly gazed into her sweet face, visions of the past fought their way into his mind. *He was floundering in the waters of the Atlantic now—begging a Nazi U-Boat captain to rescue his mother, who floated unconscious beside him. He could hear the voice of the officer in his ears, "Yab, Yab, Bring her closer!" Then suddenly the chatter of machine gun fire blasted his brain. Bullets spat into the water like overgrown hailstones and thudded into soft flesh . . . When they stopped, he was alone in the frigid waters.*

Crimebuster snapped to his feet, and with one powerful arm sent the desk careening into a corner. His pleasant features swiftly changed to a chalky granite and set his burning eyes off like orbs of fire. He spoke softly, fiercely . . .

"There *must* be a way I can help! There *shall* be a way! *America shall never fall prey to those inhuman dogs . . . I swear it!*"

Two days later, the commander of the northernmost Canadian military post looked up from his desk.

"Well, what is it?" he barked at a waiting soldier. "*Crimebuster* is waiting to see you, sir! He says it's urgent!"

The commander's eyebrows puckered up in surprise. "*Crimebuster!* What's he doing here!? Send him in!"

Crimebuster entered the room briskly and seated himself.

"Commander Creig, sir," he stated, "I've flown here from New York to make a request. I wish to attempt flying a medical supply ship through the Jap lines to the trapped men! Here's my special army permit."

Creig's cool blue eyes fastened on *Crimebuster* for a split second. Then he leaned over and spoke softly as if talking with a young child.

"*Crimebuster,*" he said, "No one knows better than I the great benefit you've been to this country. We all have the greatest admiration for your deeds. Now let me tell you why it's impossible for me to let

you do such a hairbrained thing by yourself. Number one: Four of our best pilots have attempted to crack the lines unescorted by pursuit ships. Every one of them has been shot down. Number two: Even if I wanted to let you go alone, I wouldn't. We're just planning to dispatch another ship with an escort of pursuits. It'll be harder to slip through that way, but at least the pilot won't be going out all alone."

Outside in the cool air, *Crimebuster's* chin tightened. He had foreseen just such a possibility and had made plans accordingly. He walked over to a small, cherub-cheeked grease monkey who stood by one of the hangars watching his approach goggle eyed.

"H-Hello, *Crimebuster!*" the mechanic stuttered.

"Hi there," *Crimebuster* replied. "Oh, Commander Crieg wants you to put a dry mop and a can of kerosene in the relief ship I'm flying. It's ready, isn't it?"

"Sure, she's all set," the mechanic returned.

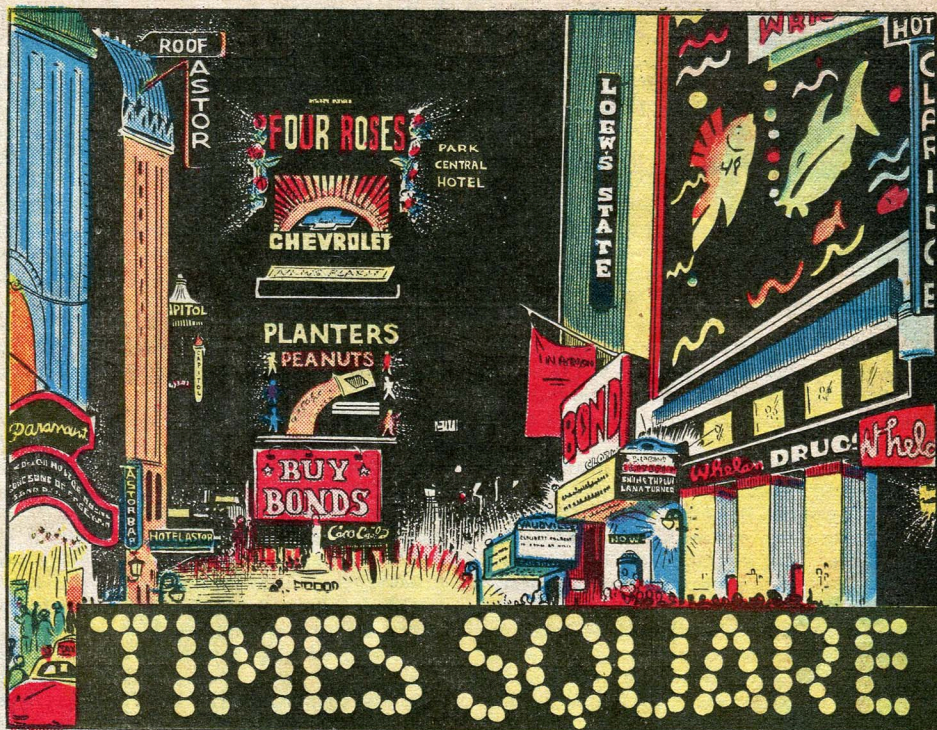
Crimebuster walked around the corner of the hangar and stopped. Inside he could hear the mechanic bustling around for the kerosene and mop. A pilot had just left the commander's office and was hurrying toward the hangar adjusting his helmet. *Crimebuster* dashed forward. He whirled into the hangar and brushed the mechanic aside. Inside the plane, he slammed on the self-starter and pulled open the throttle. Seconds later, he was lifting the heavy plane off the far end of the field into a low-hanging fog bank. He breathed a sigh of relief; so far, so good. Now he must either make a success of the trip or be a disgrace to his own country. He looked back through the huge transport at the many boxes of life-saving supplies. Yes, somehow he would have to get through.

For the first hundred miles *Crimebuster* knew he was being pursued. Cutting his own motor, he could hear the hum of several army planes who had evidently taken off in pursuit. But after that, they faded out. Evidently the fog had made them give up any hope of overtaking him. From an inside coat pocket the youth withdrew several maps with directions carefully marked from the Canadian base to the Alaskan battle front. Setting his instruments, he sat back and cruised.

Hours later, *Crimebuster's* ship roared out of the cloud bank directly over a Jap squadron outpost. Interceptor planes were already roaring up to meet him. Evidently their electric ear had picked up his approach, miles away. Well, he had expected this earlier. It was only the fog that had saved him so long. Quickly he ran his finger along the map tacked to his instrument board. The U. S. base was about fifty miles directly north of here. With a heavily

loaded ship like his, that meant about half an hour's flying time. For thirty long minutes he would have to out-fight a score of Jap ships who could fly rings around him. He reached for the kerosene can and doused the entire contents over the mop in his lap. Then he opened the sliding window beside him and waited. The planes were climbing above him now. Getting ready to swing down on his tail and fill his belly full of lead. *Crimebuster* looked ahead, praying for a low-hanging fog bank in the distance. Luck was with him—he could see a cloud formation about twenty miles off. He kissed the soaking mop in his lap. "Be good, baby," he whispered softly.

The first Jap plane went into its dive. Lead whistled through the roof of *Crimebuster's* ship and perforated a neat row of holes straight up to the copilot's seat. The second came in on a cross wind and blasted out the window not six inches from *Crimebuster's* nose. Black fluid spurted out of the oil-pressure gauge and blackened the windshield. *Crimebuster* clenched his teeth tightly. Not yet. Not until he was over those clouds. He prayed silently that the plane's three great motors would hold out. A Jap ship loomed up in front of him, coughing death. *Crimebuster* could see the spurting fire of the guns. His whole ship seemed to shudder from the bullet's impact. He lowered his head and felt something hot rip through his scalp. Brushing the blood from his eyes, he looked down. The fog bank was very close. He started counting. One . . . Two . . . Bullets ripped through the right hand door and tore the instrument board into shreds . . . Three . . . Four . . . Five . . . Six . . . *Crimebuster* pulled a match from his jacket and struck it on the shattered dash board . . . Eight . . . Nine . . . NOW! Quickly he touched the match to the mop head and stuck the flaming stick through the window. As black smoke billowed out, covering the tail of his transport, he threw the stick forward hard, and screeched toward the protecting clouds. At five hundred feet the cabin started to swim before him. Blood was clotting over his eyes. Slowly he pulled the big ship out, and streaked bare inches above the tops of protruding icebergs. For ten minutes he flew blind, by some strange stroke of fate avoiding the jutting mountains of ice. As he broke through the end of the cloud bank, his dazed eyes looked upward, searching the sky. No enemy planes lurked there waiting to swoop down. HE HAD WON. The Japs thought his ship was a tangled mass of burnt wreckage miles back. He forced a smile across his tired features and opened the throttle wide. The huge, battered transport shuddered and shook under the effort but he wasn't worried. The U. S. outpost was just ahead. Nothing could stop him now.



STANDING LIKE A SPHINX IN THE STREAM OF HUMANS MILLING PAST IT'S BASE, **TIMES SQUARE** HAS SEEN MANY DRAMAS, ... BUT NONE MORE QUICKLY EXECUTED THAN THE **WHITE GLOVE MURDER CASE!**

IN A DANCE HALL JUST OFF TIMES SQUARE, TWO PARTNERS CHECK THEIR EVENING'S PROFIT.

NEARLY 90 BUCKS A PIECE! WE'VE HAD A GOOD NIGHT, TONEY!

HIC!-- YEAH... BUT LEFTY, WHAT CHANCE HAVE I TO GET AHEAD WITH MY EX-WIFE CLIPPING ME FOR TWO HUNDRED A WEEK IN ALIMONY?



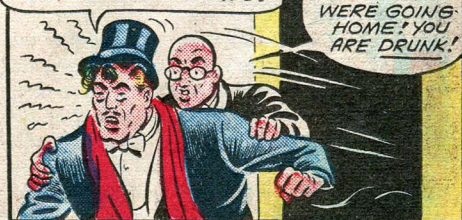
MMM! THERE SHE IS NOW--- DANCING WITH HER BOY FRIEND!

HIC! WHY THE LITTLE RAT! BRINGING HIM HERE... SPENDING MY DOUGH ON HIM... JUST TO MAKE A FOOL OF ME!

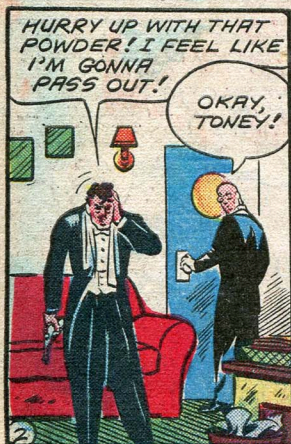


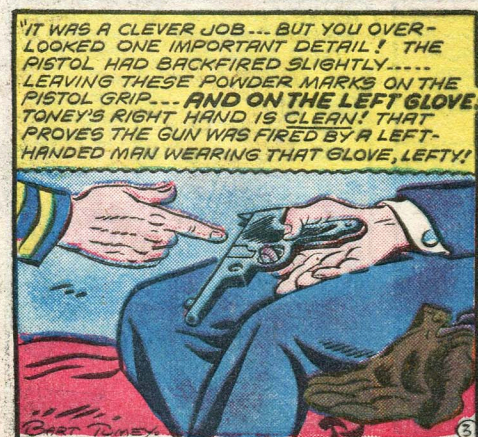
SHE CAN'T DO THIS TO ME! I'M GOIN' TO THROW 'EM OUT OF HERE! HIC!

HOLD ON, TONEY! I THOUGHT YOU WERE GOING HOME! YOU ARE DRUNK!



HAVE YOU READ THE LATEST BOY COMICS YET—GET IT TODAY!





HELP COMBAT CROOKS, READ "CRIME DOES NOT PAY!"



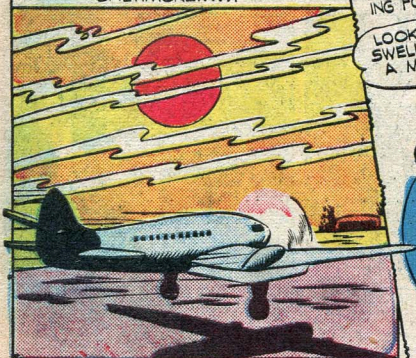
THE TRANSPORT PLANE FLYING WITH HAROLD HIGGINS AND DARREL CRAIG BACK FROM A VACATION IN FLORIDA IS FORCED DOWN BY FOG IN BALTIMORE.....

THIRTEEN AND JINK STROLL THRU THE CITY WHILE WAITING FOR THE FOG TO LIFT...

LOOKS LIKE A SWELL NIGHT FOR A MURDER!!

HAROLD LOOK!!

THAT LOOKS LIKE ONE NOW!!



STICK TO COMIC HOUSE MAGAZINES, THEY'RE WHAT YOU WANT!

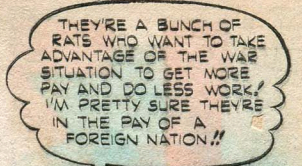


WHAT HAPPENED, BUD? DID YOU GET HIT BY A CAR?



NO!! I WAS BEATEN UP BY A NAZI CLIQUE AT MY FACTORY BECAUSE I REFUSED TO JOIN THEIR RANKS!!

NICE BUNCH OF BOYS!!



THEY'RE A BUNCH OF RATS WHO WANT TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THE WAR SITUATION TO GET MORE PAY AND DO LESS WORK! I'M PRETTY SURE THEY'RE IN THE PAY OF A FOREIGN NATION!!



SOUNDS LIKE A PLAN TO STIR UP LABOR TO DISUNITE!!

A SWELL WAY TO CUT DOWN PRODUCTION IN ARMAMENT PLANTS! COME ON, WE'LL GET YOU HOME AND TAKE CARE OF THOSE RATS TOMORROW!!



SO LONG, BUD! I'LL SEE YOU TOMORROW AT THE FACTORY!!



THE NEXT DAY AT THE FACTORY.

THERE'S THE LEADER OF THE GANG LEAVING NOW!!

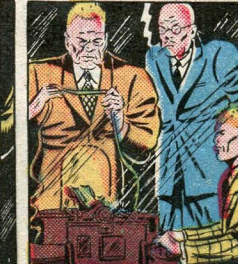
OKAY THANKS! WE'LL FOLLOW HIM!!



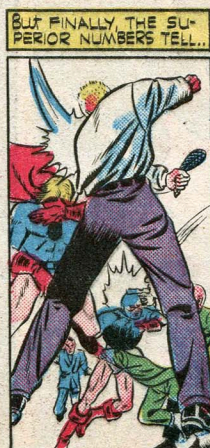
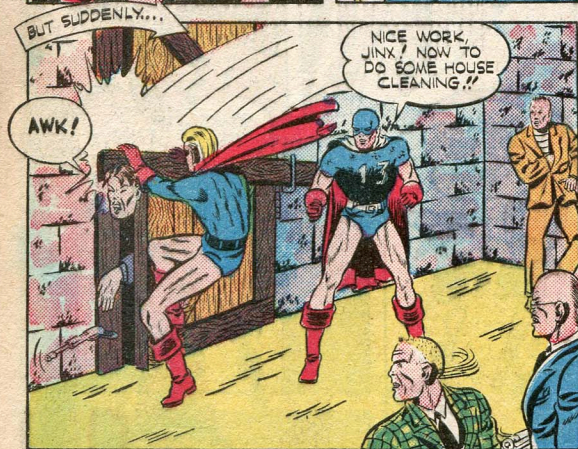
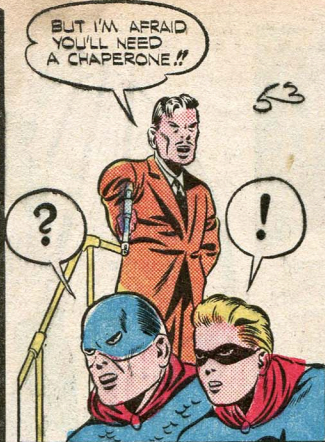
O, SHORT DISTANCE AWAY...

LOOK! HE'S GOING INTO A BASEMENT!!

THERE'S A WINDOW THERE! LET'S TAKE A LOOK!!



2





HELP WIN THE WAR, BUY DEFENSE STAMPS NOW!

THIRTEEN AND JINX PURSUE THE LEAVING CAR AND LEAP ON IT...

JUST IN THE NICK OF TIME!!

YOU SAID IT!!

LET'S DROP OFF!! HE'S SLOWING UP. LOOKS LIKE HE'S GOING INTO THAT BARN!!

THIS ROPE LEADS TO THE HAYLOFT!! WE CAN WATCH THEM FROM THERE!!

LOOK, THIRTEEN! HE'S UNCOVERING AN AIRPLANE

HERE'S OUR CHANCE! HE'S OPENING THE BARN!!

WE'LL TRY TO GET INTO THAT PLANE!

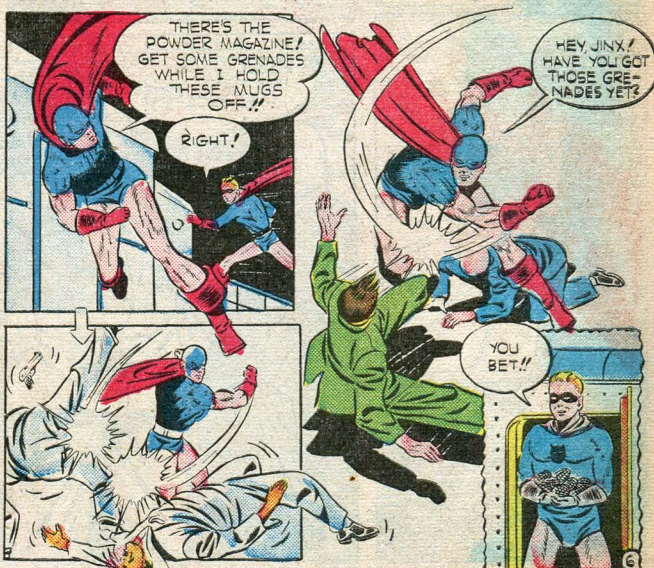
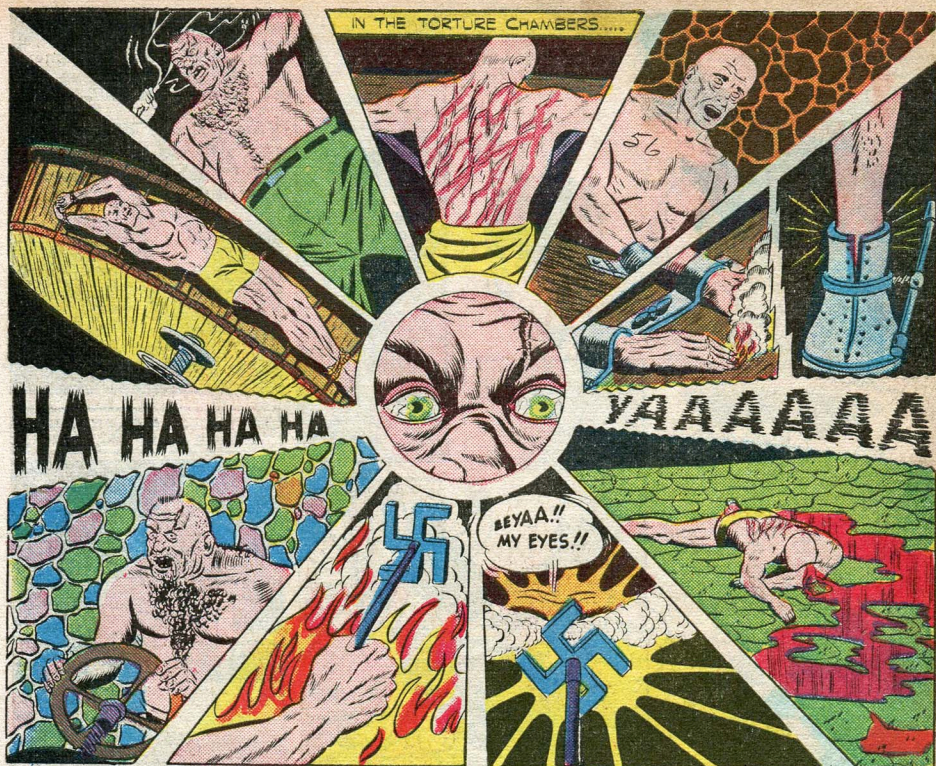
JUST MADE IT!! HERE HE COMES!!

ON NIGHT FALLS, THE PLANE ALIGHTS ON AN AIRCRAFT CARRIER FAR OUT AT SEA....

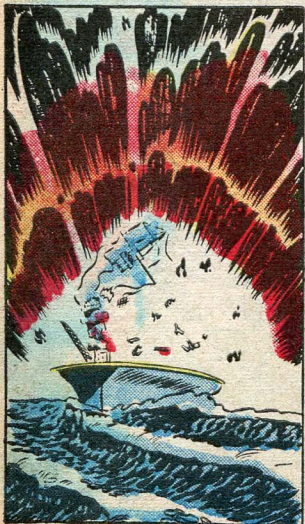
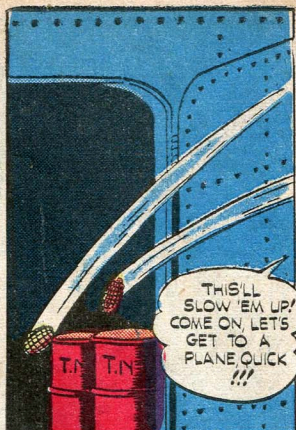
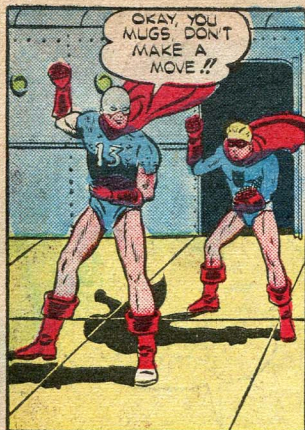
LATER AT THE CAPTAIN'S OFFICE....

FOOL! WHY DID YOU LET THOSE YANKEE PIGS ESCAPE??

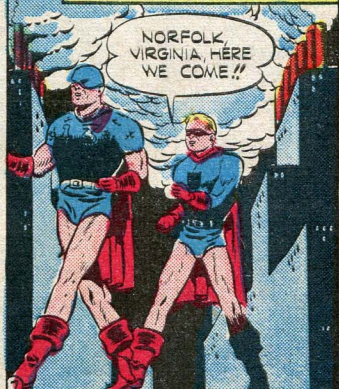
YOU SHALL LEARN THAT THE FUEHRER DOES NOT TOLERATE BUNGLERS! TAKE HIM TO THE TORTURE CHAMBERS!!



IF YOU'RE A RED-BLOODED AMERICAN BOY, READ BOY COMICS!

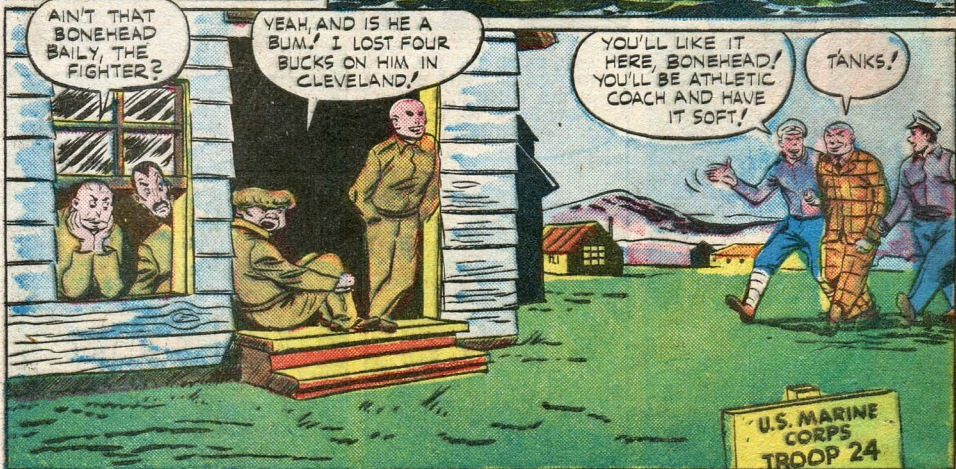
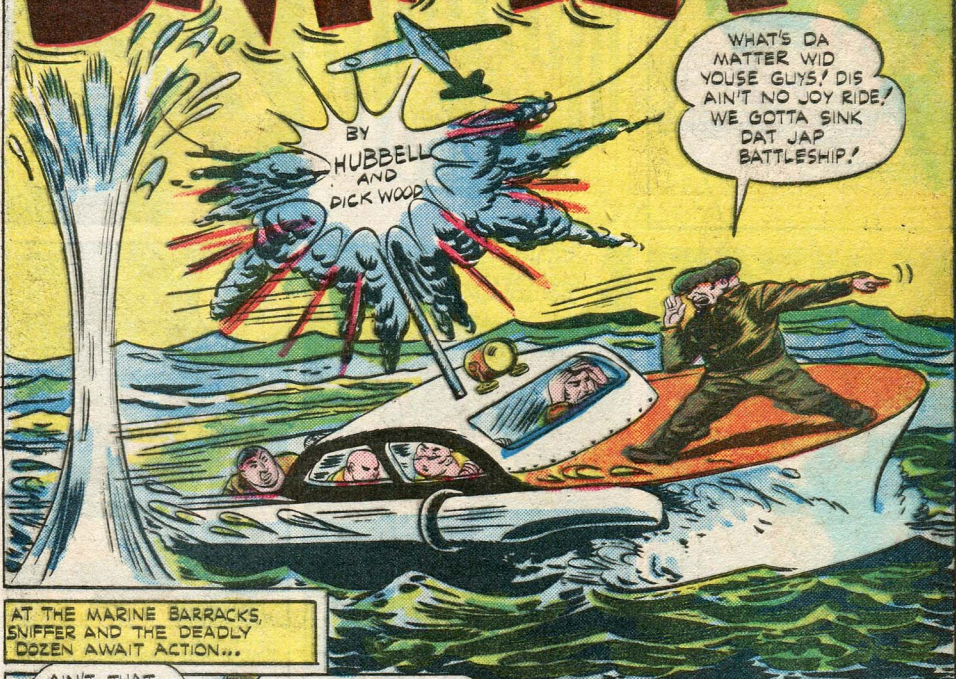


Watch for the next exciting thirteen and jinx in **DAREDEVIL COMICS** as they wade into trouble in.....



GET 'CRIME DOES NOT PAY'. SHOW IT TO DAD, HE'LL LOVE IT!

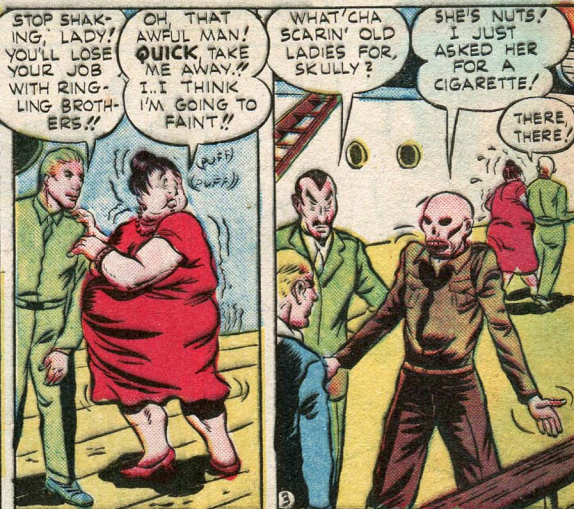
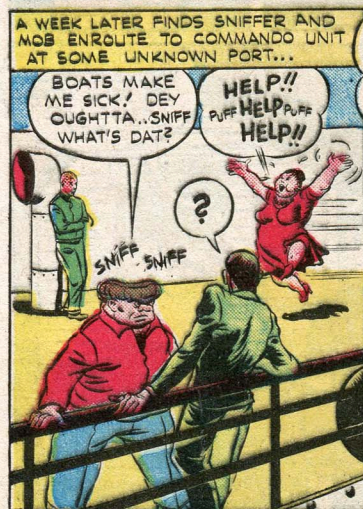
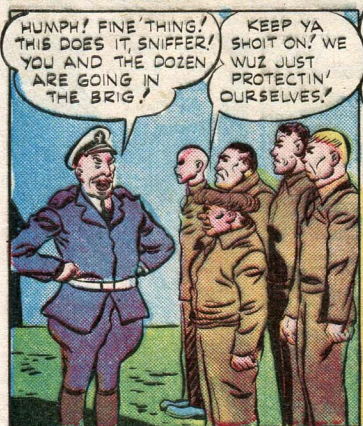
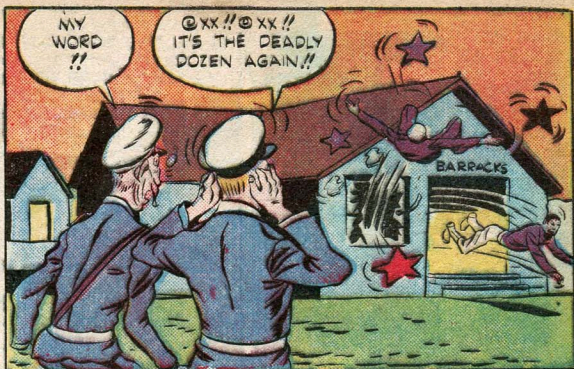
SNIFFER



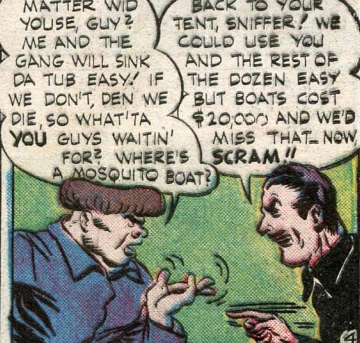
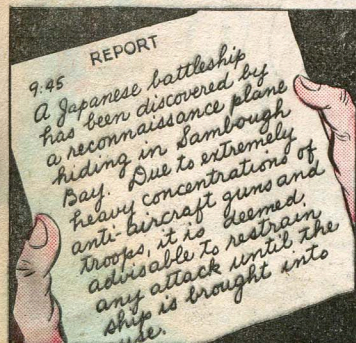
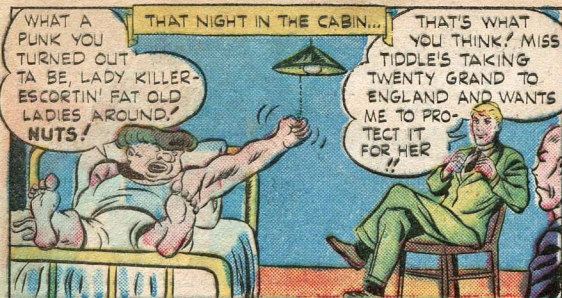
ALL THE THRILLS OF TEN MAGAZINES IN "CRIME DOES NOT PAY!"



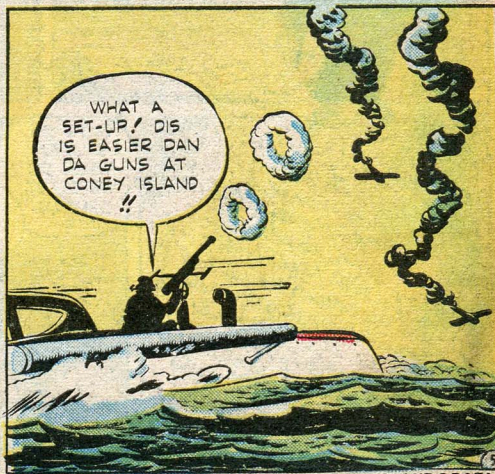
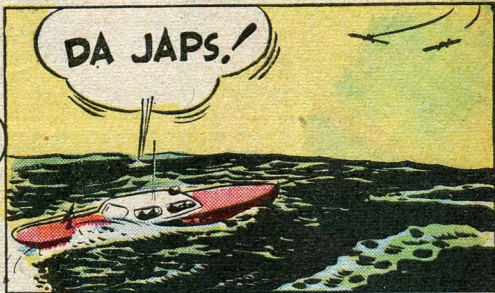
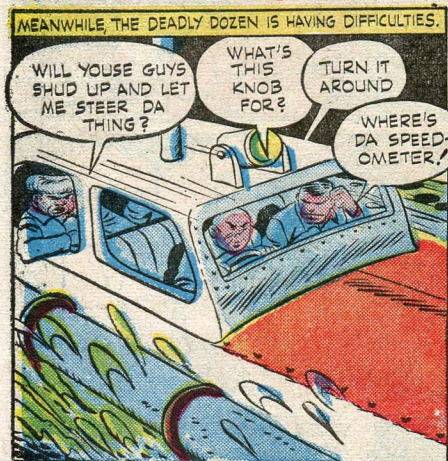
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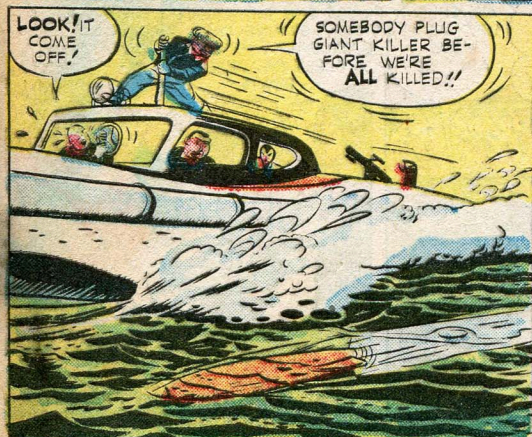
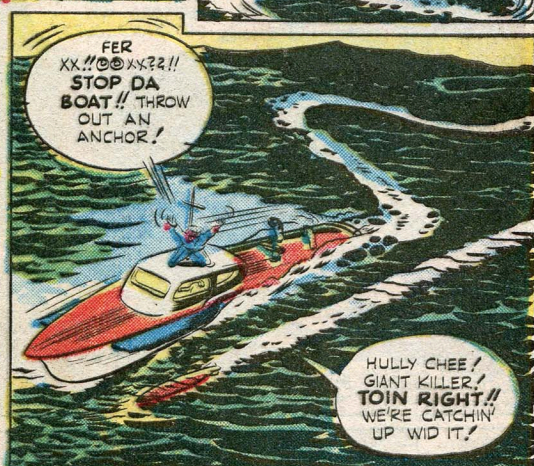
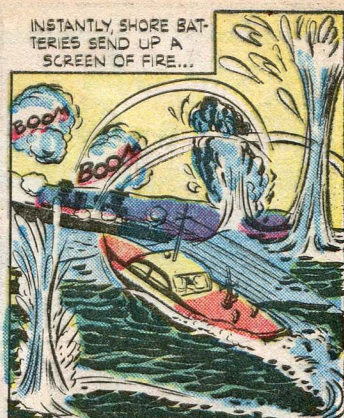


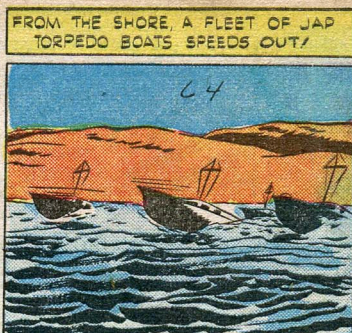
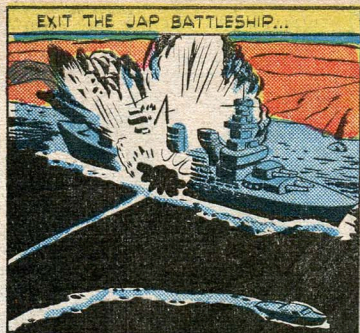
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HELP WIN THE WAR, BUY DEFENSE STAMPS NOW!







IF YOU LIKE PLENTY OF FAST MOVING ACTION, PLUS A COUPLE OF REAL SURPRISES, DON'T FORGET YOU HAVE A DATE WITH SNIFFER NEXT ISSUE!

MEET BOB WOOD



NINE YEARS AGO, a fifteen-year old blonde lad stepped up to home plate during his school's biggest baseball game and socked the first pitch into the stands for a home run. That youth was Bob Wood, and he's been knocking home runs ever since in the cartoon world. There is probably no more versatile a man in the comics today. Bob, if prompted, could put out an entire comic book from cover to cover with all the thousand and one details included. He can with equal effectiveness write his story, pencil it, ink it, and letter it. Often young artists ask: "Well, how does a feller get like you, Bob?" What art school should he go to? How long should he study? What style should he follow? The best answer to these questions is

to give you a slight idea of what Bob Wood has put behind him in his skyrocketing rise to success. In school, he divided his time between baseball, hockey and drawing. This went on until he received an offer from a major league ball club for a tryout. It was either take a pen or a bat. Bob took the pen. Wanting to prove to himself he hadn't made a mistake, Bob burned some midnight oil after this, and had his cartoons published by the *Boston Traveler*. This went on for a few months very nicely until he saw a *Popeye* Movie Cartoon that he thought was swell. Without further ado, Bob threw some clothes in a bag and burst into New York at the ripe old age of seventeen, to do *Popeye* and *Betty Boop* cartoons for the Max Fleisher Studios.

Bob didn't hit it off with the studio and soon resigned. He rushed back to the *Baked Bean City* dripping with ambition. If the Fleisher Studios could put out cartoons, so could he. Bob locked himself in an upstairs studio and, applying the knowledge he had gained, started the cartoon epic of the century

. Many weeks later the cartoon was finished—so was Bob. He had discovered that making twenty-four drawings for just a second's showing on the screen required a bit more than one boy with ambition. Deciding his set of 7,000 drawings, lasting three minutes on the screen, was not quite ready for Broadway, he sold it as an advertisement to a Boston restaurateur.

The day after it played at the local theatre, the restaurant tripled its business. The owner immediately wanted Bob to do another, but enough was plenty. With all haste Bob came back to New York City and entered the comic book business. This time he was here to stay. In the eventful years to follow, he took an active part in laying the foundation which carried the comic field into the publishing limelight of our day. A short time later he teamed up with his old pal, Charlie Biro, and you know the rest . . .

THE END

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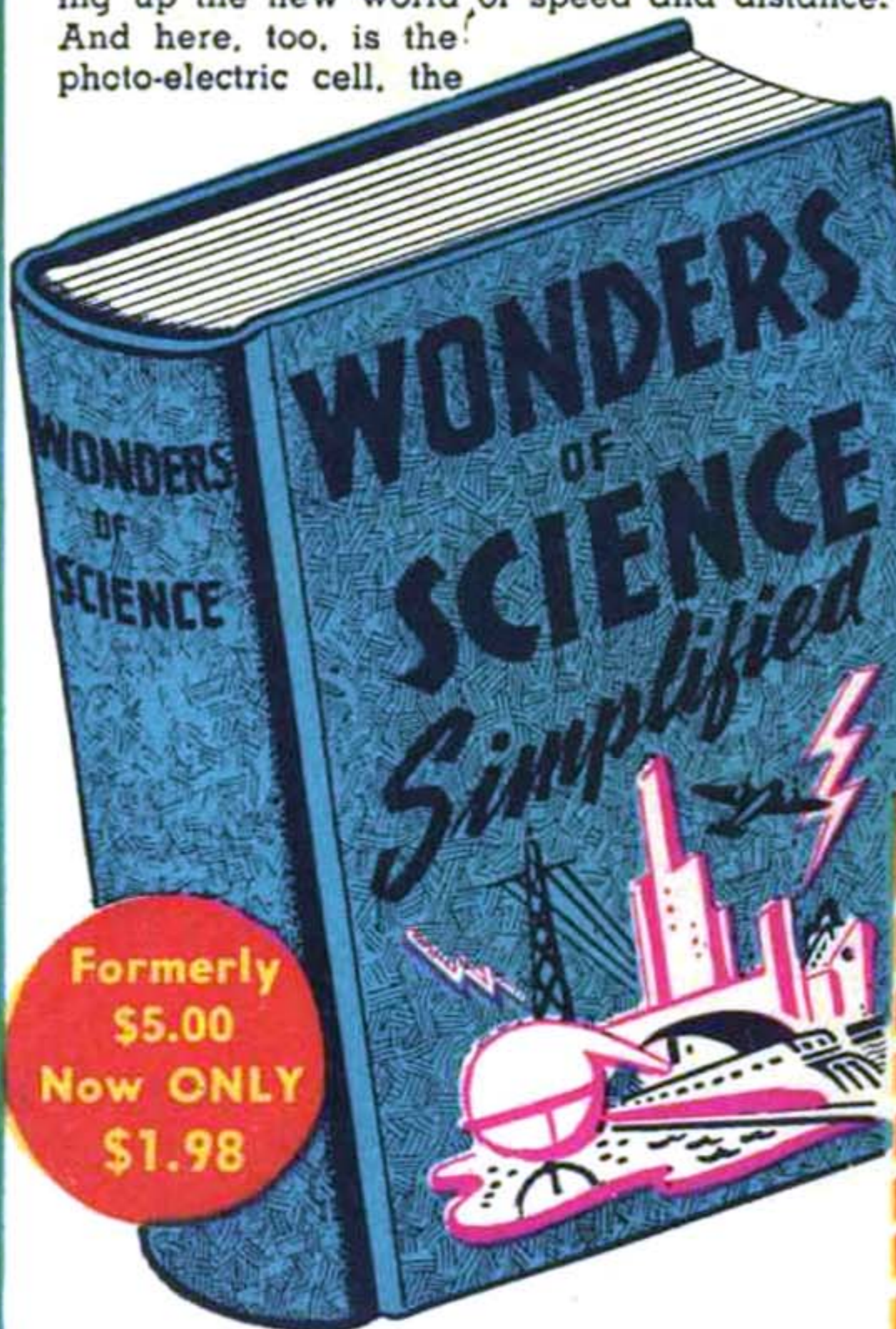
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